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PRICE 6d.
Stamped 7d.**THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN.**

THE Empire of Mexico is now, it seems, really at an end, and the unfortunate EMPEROR is in the hands of his enemies. It is just three years ago since he began his reign, and during those three years he has passed through every variety of torture. For some time before the creation of the new Empire was announced to the world, the Crown had been offered to, and accepted by, the ARCHDUKE. The French were not yet in the capital of the country, and the Mexicans had no notion of the honour that was being provided for them, when the future ruler of Mexico was working for hours every day at Spanish, and was preparing, with his enterprising wife, the details of their great adventure. Little was then known of him in Austria, and next to nothing in Europe. He had been a kind and conciliatory ruler of the Lombard provinces; he had taken an interest in the Austrian navy; and he was possessed of that knowledge of science and literature and history which German princes manage to acquire, and which entertains and adorns them even if it is not very profound. That he was accepting a Crown from the hand of the opponent and conqueror of his House gave him little pain. He saw the bright side of the project, and of the mind that had planned it. He had been longing for an opening, and here was one provided for him. Very possibly he liked the notion of being a crowned head. To those born in the circles of royalty it is pleasant to be a king, just as a duke who has everything life can give him still longs for a bit of blue riband. But royalty was only a very small part of the attraction which Mexico had for him. He was adventurous, and Mexico promised him adventure. He was fond of exploring, of travelling, even of writing his travels, and Mexico was an open field for the traveller and the naturalist. The life of an Austrian Archduke is dignified and comfortable, but it is very dull. The Archduke is crippled and hampered in every action of his life. He is generally condemned to absolute inactivity, and it is quite understood that he is either to be a complete cypher, or must distinguish himself as the Court wishes, and only so far as the Court permits. To get away from Miramar to Mexico was what it is to a schoolboy to get away from Latin verses to sea. The EMPEROR too had a sincere wish to do good, and liked to be thought, and to feel himself, a liberal, high-minded, and public-spirited man. Like most persons, therefore, he acted from mixed motives when he accepted the Imperial Crown. He probably liked the Crown itself, and he may have been glad of an opportunity of relieving himself from the inpecuniosity under which he, like many other great persons, has occasionally suffered. But he had also higher aims. He was in fact very much like the ordinary traveller who quits a good home in England for an expedition to Africa. He likes getting away from the fatigues of civilization, and he can leave duns and love-letters behind him, and he will have a good chance of shooting a lion or two, and possibly he may convert the natives, and at any rate he will be a humble pioneer in the path of progress. Wise people can of course prove that he is very silly to go; but he happens to like going, and so he goes. In the same way the Archduke MAXIMILLIAN went to Mexico, and it may have seemed to him certain that he would make a good, and probably a successful, Emperor. Every one will agree that it may be said of him that he would have been capable of being an Emperor if he had not been one.

At first everything went well with him. He landed in Mexico, and was received with proper respect by the French, and with a show of acquiescence by the Mexicans. He went through the farce of being elected by a popular vote. The nominees of the French authorities in the towns where a French garrison was stationed got up a fête, and hung garlands in the streets, and put on their Sunday clothes, and elected him. He tried hard to make himself popular, and at a considerable

risk to his health made a journey into the interior at a very bad season for travelling. He was affable, the EMPRESS was charming; he had got money to spend, and a suite to stare at. So he got on very well, and honestly conceived the opinion, which he never afterwards abandoned, that he was very much liked, especially by the Indians. But in the autumn of 1864 he had to begin governing in earnest, and then he felt his troubles beginning, and showed both bad and good points in the way in which he met them. His troubles came from his subjects and from the French. He could not make up his mind to go entirely with any one party in Mexico, and he tried therefore to make himself agreeable to both, and especially to the Liberals. They, he thought, could do him most good if they helped him, and most harm if they opposed him; and gradually he threw himself more and more into their power, and consequently disgusted more and more the Church party that had brought him in. The French could scarcely bring themselves to treat the Empire they had created with proper respect. They had to find the daily money with which the EMPEROR kept up his tiny appearance of royalty. They had to go into unwholesome, unexplored wilds, in order to make barbarians whom they despised pretend to obey an EMPEROR to whom they were at least indifferent. They very soon got tired of this, and Marshal BAZAINE, even before the fall of Richmond, did as little as he decently could to help and sustain the Empire. The French in Mexico were always against the Empire and the EMPEROR, and the expedition, and the whole thing, and it was only in deference to positive orders from Paris that they kept on something like amicable terms with the EMPEROR. After the fall of Richmond they did absolutely nothing except hold the most important positions, and gradually withdraw their troops from distant and outlying garrisons. The EMPEROR bitterly resented the treatment he received, but he could do nothing. He made no way in the country. He inspired no confidence except in his personal courage. He was an exceedingly bad judge of character, very violent and capricious in his dislikes, and far too easily led by a clique of very inferior intriguers. Nothing, for example, could be more silly than the whole scheme, to which he lent his countenance, of peopling Mexico with colonists from the conquered Southern States of the Union. He gave encouragement to a host of needy adventurers, and was always having his fancy taken by some new and vast project for developing the resources of the Empire, framed by men as ignorant as they were poor. He worked like a slave, but it was only to issue decrees which no one even dreamt of obeying, and which made his Government ridiculous. And as time went on, his administration became worse. The conviction spread that he could not maintain himself much longer, and the better class of Ministers were shy of associating their fortunes with his. He got wilder and wilder, trying all kinds of systems and all kinds of men, and setting up one little tyrant in office after another. At last it became certain that the French would positively leave at the beginning of this year, and he resolved to make a last desperate effort to govern without them. The EMPRESS went to Europe to endeavour to get funds, and he left the capital, and sought in seclusion at Orizaba the means of withdrawing himself from the hated presence of the French, and of considering carefully the circumstances under which he was placed.

Here he became the prey of the most pitiable vacillation. One day he would stay and fight against any odds; the next day he was packing up his valuables and arranging for a special train to take him to a seaport. That he had much to make him hesitate is perfectly true, but his notorious wavering, his want of any command over the situation, and his deficiency in all which makes men in an extremity feel they have a leader, rapidly undermined the feeble remains of his authority. The French were very anxious he should abdicate, and although there may have been some selfishness in this

desire, yet they were unquestionably right in the view they took of what was best for the country. They wished to make terms with the Liberals; to give up the towns to them, but to take care that some sort of government was established, and that foreigners were not wantonly sacrificed. Mexico would probably have escaped much misery if this had been done. But the EMPEROR finally decided to remain. The very fact that the French wished him to go made him long to stay. The Mexicans whom he consulted advised him for the most part to try his chance; and he himself was profoundly persuaded that he was personally popular, and that the only reason why he had not already succeeded was that he had been associated with the French. He was also keenly alive to the calls of honour, and he could not bear that he should return to Europe only to hear men say that he had shrunk in the hour of danger. He resolved to stay, actuated by motives in many respects noble, and filled with that courage which comes over a man of generous spirit who feels that, under certain circumstances, he cannot seek safety without having first exposed his life to danger. But although his resolve was that of a brave and honourable man, and was worthy of his race and his name, yet it was a great political blunder. It came far too late. He made a choice, in the extreme hour of his fate, between the parties which he had once tried to please equally. He staked everything on the success of the Church party, and recalled to their country two of the most audacious and blood-stained leaders by whom that party had been disgraced. They came, and they got together a few men. They squeezed every available dollar out of friend and foe, and they have kept up a useless civil war for three months. The Church party collapsed. It had no affection for the EMPEROR who had deserted it, as it thought, in the hour of his prosperity, and it utterly mistrusted his chances of success. Taking five hundred Austrians with him, and a portion of his own personal following, he went to Queretaro to take the command of the little army which had served under MEJIA, the only faithful and creditable general the EMPEROR ever had. The issue of this final struggle is now known. All that remains in doubt is whether the life of the EMPEROR has been spared, and it may be hoped that a lingering respect for the opinion of mankind may induce those who have him in their power to save him from the doom which awaits those who aided him in the conflict. But whether he lives or dies, history will pronounce him to have been a brave and honourable man, although not a great or an able one.

THE FENIAN CONVICTS.

THE final determination of the Government to reprove the Fenian convict BURKE gave all but universal satisfaction in England. It is supposed that an opposite feeling prevailed among the upper classes in Ireland, who naturally regard the Fenian conspiracy with more earnest alarm and indignation. Many of the arguments which were used on the side of mercy seemed to be suggested rather by factious ill-humour than by a regard for the interests of the prisoner. The Ministers were fully justified in disregarding the apologies for treason which were deduced from the existence of the Irish Establishment, from the limited tenure of occupying farmers, and generally from the seven centuries of misrule which have been eloquently denounced since the days of O'CONNELL. Every Government must take itself for granted, and punish forcible resistance to its authority as a serious crime. The consciences of Englishmen are free from the guilt of harshness or indifference to Ireland, although there is an uneasy suspicion that the true remedy for the social evils of the country has not yet been discovered. The Fenian device of forming a separate Irish Republic under the protection of the United States is not admitted as a subject of controversy. By force or otherwise, the United Kingdom will be preserved, as long as the English character retains a trace of patriotism or of courage; and domestic or foreign malcontents who attempt the dismemberment of the Empire must undergo the risk, and submit to the penalties, which have been incurred by BURKE and his companions. The Irish Church and other political grievances only affect the greater or less criminality of treasonable enterprises inasmuch as they may have appeared to the conspirators themselves to justify or excuse rebellion. From the speeches of the convicted ringleaders it would seem that the animosity of the Fenians to England was rather a vague impression produced by popular cant and American declamation than a result of political knowledge or inquiry. The frothy rhetoric which received far more admiration than it deserved was but the echo of windy orations on the wrongs

of Ireland, delivered on a hundred platforms. The authors of the abortive insurrection were agents or promoters of a foreign conspiracy, and their absurd miscalculation of their own resources aggravated their guilt. If the sympathy which they commanded from a few sour political fanatics had been more general, it would have been almost excusable to hang one or two chief offenders, as a protest against a morbid and immoral feeling.

The modern scruple which almost prohibits capital punishment for political offences is entitled to respect, for the true theory of punishment is contained in the paradoxical proposition that, as revenge is wild justice, so justice is regulated revenge. Criminal legislation necessarily takes account of consequences, but it ought always to be based on the fundamental principle of doing to every man according to his demerits. Severities towards rebels are sometimes rather measures of war than deliberate acts of justice; but when circumstances allow of the trial of insurgents by regular tribunals, the moral quality of the offence may properly be considered, not by the judge, but by the sovereign authority which ultimately decides on the infliction or remission of the extreme penalty of the law. A perverse enthusiast, though he excites the strongest repugnance in well-balanced minds, is not regarded with the same kind of reprobation which is awarded to a thief or assassin. It may sometimes be necessary to correct, even by the strongest methods, the delusion which he entertains or shares; but it is desirable, in the majority of cases, to spare the life of a culprit who is not a member of the vulgar criminal class. The lenity which has been displayed towards political offenders by several Governments in recent times is in some degree a consequence of the scepticism which prevails as to established institutions. As every French Constitution for the last eighty years has been a product of revolution, an opinion that power was the legitimate prize of successful conspiracy seemed to excuse the experiments of less fortunate promoters of rebellion. But since almost every plot against the Government has been complicated with schemes of assassination, doubts as to the propriety of capital punishment have seldom arisen. Bloodshed in the streets and at the barricades has at other times rendered judicial severity altogether superfluous. Austria and Russia have been restrained by no scruples of humanity in dealing with the enemies of their Governments. In Spain capital punishment is inflicted without limit or hesitation; and in the only instance of a disturbance analogous to the Fenian insurrection which has occurred in America, the crazy fanatic JOHN BROWN was convicted and executed with the unanimous approval of all citizens of the injured State. The release of Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS on bail probably indicates the intention of the Government to relinquish the plan of trying him on the charge of treason; but, as long as the prosecution is pending, it would be premature to congratulate the Americans on their abstinence from a gross act of violence and injustice. In any case it would be monstrous to treat as a criminal the elected chief of a vast community, after he had maintained for four years an heroic struggle, at the head of great and regular armies, against a Power which could in his own territory scarcely find a partisan. The precedent of the American freebooters who were some years since executed by the Governments which they had attacked might seem to recommend capital punishment as a security against lawless invaders. Cuba has never been troubled by American sympathizers with rebellion since LOPEZ and his accomplices were put to death, nor has Central America been invaded since the execution of WALKER. It is possible that future admirers of BURKE would have been more effectually deterred by his death from imitating his career, than by the less romantic penalty of penal servitude; and the Republican party in America, which instigates the Fenians, is more powerful and more unscrupulous than the Democratic abettors of LOPEZ and WALKER. The feeling, however, which prevailed in England was too definite to be mistaken by the Government; and it is surprising that Lord DERBY and his colleagues should have intended, almost to the last moment, to carry the sentence into execution. It was not worth while to raise even unnecessary doubts of the justice of the punishment, nor are sentimental influences to be altogether disregarded by statesmen. Less impulsive politicians reflected that it was inexpedient to add a new martyr to the questionable catalogue of Irish political saints. SMITH O'BRIEN and O'CONNELL himself have been excluded from canonization, while the memory of EMMETT is still cherished by rebellious Irishmen. It may be hoped that the name of BURKE will henceforth subside into merited obscurity.

Members of Parliament, and more especially Ministers, are

quite right in expressing conventional regret for the necessity which compels them to prolong the suspension of the Habeas Corpus. In no other country in the world would so mild a security against chronic insurrection be regarded as an unusual exercise of power. The American PRESIDENT and CONGRESS, during the whole continuance of the civil war, applied the same measure to the Northern States when there was not the smallest risk of disturbance. On the Continent of Europe it is impossible to withdraw for a time an absolutely non-existent guarantee for personal liberty. Among the small number of persons who are detained in custody under the authority of the Irish Executive, there is probably not one prisoner who would deny his connexion with the conspiracy, if he could avow his character as a Fenian without danger. Foreigners travelling about the country on mysterious errands have no great cause for complaint if the Government thinks fit to restrict their personal liberty; nor is it to be forgotten that a large proportion of the prisoners who were discharged last autumn took advantage of their release to engage in the subsequent project of insurrection. Experience has shown that it is impossible to judge of the probable results of a plot which is almost exclusively organized in a foreign country. The Fenians are neglected or encouraged according to the state of parties in America, and their profligate patrons are always most hostile to England on the eve of an election which may perhaps be decided by Irish votes. Mr. COLFAX, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and one of the candidates for the Presidency, is now delivering lectures in the principal cities of the Union, and on some occasions he has been attended to the place of meeting by an armed guard of Fenians; but the condition of political morality in the United States is such that no protest is ever raised against the most wanton and unprincipled violations of international justice and courtesy. It is now reported that another piratical expedition is about to enter Canada, and possibly the Fenian enterprise may be renewed in Ireland. No consideration of right or prudence will check the malignity of American conspirators, but it may be hoped that the results of the late State trials may alarm the adventurers themselves. The juries, like the police, have given a useful warning to invaders and insurgents by their steady and conscientious discharge of their duty.

THE FIRST HALF OF THE REFORM BILL.

HALF of the Reform Bill has been finally settled. It exists virtually, if not nominally, in the shape of law. The borough franchise is agreed on, and the county franchise is agreed on, and we may hope that every one is satisfied. The scheme of this half of the Reform Bill is far wider, far more coherent, and far bolder than any one could have dreamt of three months ago. It is liberal beyond the hopes, perhaps beyond the wishes, of the Liberals, and yet it is the creation of the Conservatives, and is considered a great triumph and glory to the Conservative party. The poor old compound householder only got his head up again for a minute at the end of last week. He was crushed, silenced, and exterminated on the spot. His revival turned out to have been only a piece of plausibility. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER stated that the sole desire of the Government was to please the House of Commons and carry out its wishes, but unfortunately the House had not been quite so explicit and coherent in providing for the abolition of the compound householder as might have been wished. An amendment to the bright idea of the member for Newark had been hinted at in a dark way by Mr. CHILDERS, and it was suggested that the landlord and tenant might still be left to adopt a compound rating if they both wished for it. This seemed foolish, but the Government was obeying Parliament, not criticizing it; and if it pleased Parliament to be silly, a faithful Ministry had no choice but to record its silliness. But directly it was understood that the compound householder was considered objectionable under any form, the Ministry abandoned him at once. Household suffrage, the very suffrage proposed years ago by Mr. BRIGHT, was carried with as little difficulty as if it had been an obscure proviso in a little local Bill. Every householder in Parliamentary boroughs who has resided a year and paid his poor-rates is to have a vote. This is simple enough, and after this was settled the county franchise caused no difficulty. 12*l.* was substituted for 15*l.*, and a limit of 5*l.* was fixed for copyholders. When to these arrangements a lodger franchise had been added, the scheme of the franchise was complete, and there was nothing more to be said or wished for.

One little counterpoise was won for the squires with the

greatest difficulty. They managed to secure to the creators of county votes every possible facility for getting such a constituency as landlords will approve. To be able to give a tenant a vote by letting him have land in his occupation rented at not less than 12*l.*, and to make it unnecessary that there should be any house on the premises, seemed a nice easy way of arriving at the desired result. Mr. RUSSELL GUNNELL appealed to his own experience as a revising barrister, and stated that the division of holdings without houses thereon did not tend practically to the creation of artificial votes. The balance of argument, however, seemed to show that, although here and there a lucky revising barrister might not detect any harm that the Bill had done, yet it is slightly dangerous to place so much temptation in the way of the landlords. But it was all a speculation, and a matter in itself of the least possible moment. So unimportant did Mr. GLADSTONE think it last year that he yielded the point at once without a contest, in order to please the House. There was, however, something very consoling to the squires to think that on one point, however small, they had their way; and the temper of the House, and its readiness to swallow any change, was much improved by this minute victory of the Government. That the county franchise was not lowered beyond 12*l.* seems to us quite as much of a gain to the Liberals as to their opponents. The figure is one which admits to the franchise a large portion of the householders of country towns, but excludes the villager who is wholly dependent on the landowner. Altogether, it is not easy to say how the first half of the Reform Bill could have been better than it is. There is nothing to complain of, and nothing left out of it that ought to be in it. If hereafter the personal payment of rates seems to require abolition, it may be abolished in a moment whenever the Conservatives are again in office. But the payment of rates is no real barrier at all. It keeps no one out to whom a vote is of any value whatever. Mr. BRIGHT, for example, always calculated, while the compound householder was still alive, that every householder who was not a compounder was a voter. It is not therefore for him, or for those who think with him, to deny that the measure of the Government gives household suffrage. Whatever else we may be in doubt of, we can at least feel certain that, under the Act of this Session, there will be an ample supply of new voters.

A beautiful simplicity was given to the franchise, not only by enacting, but by omitting. On Tuesday the House had its first morning sitting under the new regulation, and it got through an immense quantity of work in a very short time. In about a couple of hours the whole of the fancy franchises were swept clean away. Sir ROUNDELL PALMER objected to them, and they instantaneously disappeared. No one had a word to say for them. They had been the creation of successive Ministries, and had been pompously recommended by men of all parties. They were, in fact, what Mr. DISRAELI meant by lateral extension of the suffrage in the days when to extend the suffrage laterally was the limit of his dreams. But they became absurd when a measure had been passed for enfranchising every one who lived in a house, and every one who lived in part of a house worth four shillings a week. Still there was something comic in the facility with which they were given up. Mr. DISRAELI even stated it to be a very grave reason for abandoning them at once that, if they were abandoned, the House would seem to have done so very much between two and seven in the afternoon. It is curious to think how such an observation must have read or sounded to a person who had taken the proposal of these franchises in earnest, and had fixed his heart on getting a vote in one of the new ways suggested. There are people in remote districts who think that what Ministers propose is meant seriously, and who might be capable of preparing to take advantage of their proposal. Let us fancy the position of a confiding being who had got very nearly 5*l.* in the funds, and who was saving and screwing to get the balance so that he might have his vote, and who suddenly found that his franchise had been disposed of in order that the House might amuse itself by thinking that it had done a great amount of work by seven o'clock one afternoon. It is, however, only justice to the Government to say that they were not so much adverse to his claims as utterly indifferent. There is scarcely anything in the way of new votes which Mr. DISRAELI would deny. He asked the House to observe that he had not voted against the ladies, and he pleasantly deprecated all precautions against manhood suffrage as reactionary. There is no doubt about it; he has outbid the Liberals on Reform, and, with a little audacity and good luck, he may manage to outbid them on

many other points which Liberals think exclusively their own.

Who has done all this? Who has brought it about that a settlement of the franchise has been made so totally different from any which any Ministry or any party has ever proposed or conceived? For once, we think, it may be fairly said that public discussion has settled, not only the general aim, but the details of an Act of Parliament. Directly the Conservatives yielded, and agreed to bring in a Reform Bill, the way for public discussion was opened. Party antagonism was at an end, for, though the leaders of the Opposition could not bring themselves to forego party antagonism, they were not supported by the country. The Reform Bill as it stands is the product of the general talking and thinking of men. It is not in the least like the scheme proposed by Mr. DISRAELI, or like that which found favour with Mr. GLADSTONE. It was only by much debating and after much controversy that a knowledge of the questions at issue was by degrees attained. No one knew anything or understood anything about compound householders at first. The Conservatives had a vague idea that he was a bulwark, and the Liberals had a vague idea that he was a snare, but no one knew exactly what he really was, or how to deal with him. Mr. GLADSTONE first set the example of investigating him, and Mr. DISRAELI frankly owned afterwards that many of Mr. GLADSTONE's views about this obscure being were far more right than he himself had thought at first. As one little difficulty in managing the compound householder was discovered after another, a train of remedies and devices to make things easy was invented as necessity arose. Further discussion showed that these remedies and devices would not do, and at last the conclusion dawned upon the House that the compound householder was totally unmanageable, and must be abolished. The lodger franchise was at once adopted, because, after it had been considered for some time, discussion failed to show any reason for rejecting it. It happened to be totally inconsistent with what was understood to be the principle of the Bill, but that was only important to those who cared whether the Bill had a principle or not. As it happened, nobody cared. Mr. DISRAELI boldly announced that he did not, and every one felt that it was not for them to be more particular. Directly household suffrage and a lodger franchise were established, the minor franchises were obviously unnecessary. We have talked ourselves safely and pleasantly through what Mr. LOWE justly calls a bloodless revolution, and it may be doubted whether any nation has ever done this before. We have been governed in this great matter, not by the Ministry or by the House of Commons, but by a sort of caucus of all the world. The result has been in this instance a happy one, but whether this is an experiment that can be successfully repeated may perhaps be doubtful.

REDISTRIBUTION OF SEATS.

THE great subject of redistribution was opened with a discussion on the fate of the four condemned boroughs, and the House pronounced its decision with much creditable firmness, and with a desire to do something tolerably effectual towards getting rid of bribery. As Mr. DISRAELI and Mr. GLADSTONE were on the same side, and both used the great influence of their position to incline the House to persevere in adopting extreme measures, the result of a division was not very doubtful. But the whole question was exceedingly well debated, and as Mr. LOWE and Mr. BRIGHT were in favour of sparing the larger of the peccant boroughs, there was no possibility of regarding the issue as a mere occasion for the triumph of party feelings. There were, it must be acknowledged, two arguments of very considerable weight to be urged in favour of clemency. As Mr. LOWE observed, the guilty electors, although a large portion of the existing constituency, would form a very small proportion of the new constituency to be created by the present Reform Bill. In small boroughs the increase might not be very great, and the leaven of corruption would work as powerfully hereafter as hitherto; but in large boroughs the guilty electors would be, comparatively speaking, lost in the vast mass of the new constituency. To this argument Lord CRANBORNE gave the true answer. Experience shows that bribery is a disease which seats itself in particular places. It becomes the tradition and habit of that constituency to be corrupt. Public opinion, through persistence in a long course of wrongdoing, becomes demoralized; and neither rich nor poor, Liberals nor Conservatives, have any sense left of the evils of bribery. The

only thing to be done is to annihilate the constituency. It is true that this is but an imperfect act of justice. Only those boroughs are punished which are found out, but this may be said of most acts of earthly justice. It strikes of necessity with a random and unequal force. But we comfort ourselves with thinking that a little justice is better than none, and that we may frighten offenders whom we cannot reach. The very fact that we frighten them may only teach them to be more secret in sinning, and the disfranchisement of Great Yarmouth may possibly make it more difficult to get evidence of bribery on other occasions. But if we let off offenders when we have found them out, in order to find out other offenders and then let them off, we make our pursuit of justice a mere mockery. The total disfranchisement of a borough is the one thing that the managers of corruption in that borough really dread, and if we want to frighten these jobbers in corruption we must hold before them the probability that detected guilt will be followed by the only punishment that comes home to the hearts of the offenders. Let any one who doubts the effect of the vote of Thursday ask himself the simple question whether any other course but that of dealing with Great Yarmouth as other guilty boroughs were dealt with could have produced the same effect, could have struck the same terror into the traders in corruption, and could have inspired an equal belief in the sincerity of the House of Commons.

The argument on which Mr. BRIGHT chiefly relied was that the innocent electors in the offending boroughs were confounded with the guilty. They had done no wrong; they had, in fact, sustained a wrong, for their honest political opinions were swamped by the votes of the corrupt. This would of course apply to small boroughs as well as to great. But then Mr. BRIGHT got over the difficulty by avowing his opinion that small boroughs ought not to return members at all, and that to disfranchise one or two small boroughs where bribery had prevailed was only taking up a portion of the great and good work of disfranchising all small boroughs. The reply to which Mr. GLADSTONE appeared to attach some weight, that the uncorrupt electors were not disfranchised, but merely added to the county constituency, may be dismissed as wholly unsatisfactory. What these innocent electors had got was a vote for a borough, with local interests, and subject to local influences; and to take this away, and give them a vote in a totally different constituency where they would have no perceptible weight, is to punish them. It is much more important to dwell on the fact that in very corrupt boroughs the innocent electors do not think the franchise a very valuable thing. They see the degradation it causes among masses of their neighbours, the low debauchery, the vile arts, the falsehoods, and the meannesses that go with it, and they recoil from having anything to do with elections at such a cost. The respectable inhabitants of St. Albans were very glad to lose the questionable privilege of sending members to Parliament; and even at Great Yarmouth it seems there is a considerable fraction of the constituency which will accept disfranchisement as a blessing. But the real answer to the charge of dealing unjustly with individuals is a much more complete one than if it rested on the secret wishes which, we may believe, exist in the minds of the better class of electors. A borough is but a town which is presumed to be fit to send members to Parliament. If its unfitness is proved, there is no longer any reason why it should send members. An innocent elector in a very corrupt town is only a dweller in a town which does not deserve to have a share in the representation. The half-dozen voters of Gatton and Old Sarum were, in a theoretical sense, innocent electors, but they were disfranchised because they happened to occupy houses or to have electoral rights on a spot of earth which had no claim to return members. The ultimate question, therefore, is whether Great Yarmouth is a fit place to return members simply because it is big, and the answer to this will depend on the inveteracy and extent of the habits of corruption that happen to prevail there. That a borough is unfit to return members because it is corrupt is not a matter capable of strict proof. We can but form a general opinion from the facts submitted to us in each particular case, and the facts collected with regard to Great Yarmouth showed that its corruption was ingrained, that bribery was there a matter of course, and that no candidate could keep clear of it. When the evil has attained such a height, the borough is not fit to return members, and its seats had better be given to some purer constituency.

As soon as this preliminary point had been settled, and the seven seats belonging to the offending boroughs were known

to be available for redistribution, Mr. MILL began the task of distributing political power for the future by bringing forward his well-known scheme for the representation of minorities. It is curious that a scheme which to him and to a few of his friends seems so valuable, and so very great a triumph of political sagacity, should be so absolutely without support, in the House or out of it. No member had anything to urge in its favour, and it was reserved to Lord CRANBORNE to receive Mr. MILL's statement of his views with that respect which was due to the high reputation of the member for Westminster. No Liberal member took the slightest notice of him, or afforded him any help or encouragement. But it is not fair to say that this arose from the mere fact that Mr. MILL's proposal was new, and was quite unlike anything ever heard in the House before. The proposal to give the suffrage to women was also new, was far more open to ridicule, and was quite as distasteful to most of those who heard it; and yet it was respectfully received and adequately discussed. But no one would enter on the discussion of the abstruse system of voting devised by Mr. HARE and recommended by Mr. MILL; and, in spite of Mr. MILL's authority, we think this is because the patent objections to the scheme have never been answered. The House of Commons does not like having its time wasted, and it has the horror of philosophers expressed with such coarseness by Serjeant GASELEE. It would rather hear a speaker like Mr. FORT, who made it roar with laughter by explaining that he was naturally inaudible, and that if he could have been heard he had nothing to say, than listen to the finest theorist in the world. This indifference to theory is one of the things on which Englishmen pique themselves, and which seem to foreigners among our greatest national defects. But although the House does not like theory, and although it resented the interruption of practical business by what it considered the exposition of an absurd crotchet, yet there are quite enough men of really liberal minds to have discussed the plan if it had in any way commanded itself to them. Besides the immense difficulties in detail which the proposed scheme involves, we think that objection may be taken to the whole theory on which it rests. It is far too easily assumed that minorities should be represented. On the contrary, we think it may be maintained that the representative of a very small minority would be about as bad a member of Parliament as could be found. He would, in nine cases out of ten, be a miserable little fanatic, caring only for one subject, and hating the vast bulk of the human race for disagreeing with him. The representative of political minorities in particular constituencies is a very different thing, and there is no necessity to prejudge the question before it is fairly discussed. But its good effects are ridiculously overstated. It is proposed, as a general panacea against bribery, to give a third member to a very few large constituencies, and to allow the voter to distribute his votes as he pleases where three members are returned. This may be a good thing or a bad thing in itself, but it could do absolutely nothing to stop bribery. What it would do is to give a seat in some constituencies to candidates who are now excluded by a small majority. In Berkshire, for example, it would allow a Liberal to share the representation with two Conservatives, but it is ludicrous to speak of this as the one thing necessary in a Reform Bill.

CRETE AND THE EASTERN QUESTION.

THE only certain fact of the Cretan insurrection is that it has lasted for almost a year. A population as large as that of a London parish, aided by Greek volunteers from the mainland, has baffled the efforts of a considerable army constantly reinforced, and at the date of the latest accounts it held the ablest Turkish general in check. If OMAR PASHA can finally suppress resistance within a few weeks, the island may still continue for a time to form a part of the Turkish Empire; but further delay would give foreign Powers a plausible pretext for intervention on behalf of a Christian community supposed to be oppressed by a Mahometan Government. Since the Greek war of liberation no equally obstinate rebellion has threatened the stability of the Ottoman power, and it is easier for diplomatists to enlarge an existing State than to erect an insurgent province into an independent kingdom. If Crete alone were concerned, there could be little difference of opinion as to the expediency of yielding to the wish of the entire Greek nation. The Porte would be strengthened if it were relieved from the duty of governing a hostile and warlike body of subjects, and the Greeks of the Kingdom would lose one of the numerous excuses which have hitherto been alleged for the failure of their political experiment. It is unfortunate that a considerable Mahometan population should be exposed to the inevitable consequences of the

transfer; but the majority may claim prior consideration, and they have shown their earnestness more intelligibly than if they had deposited votes in a ballot-box. The Turkish Government has seen many of its provinces temporarily or permanently detached from the Empire by successive rebellions, or sometimes by negotiation. Roumania and Servia are almost entirely independent of the Porte, and the Viceroy of EGYPT, who obtained the right of hereditary succession five-and-twenty years ago, has at last succeeded in extorting from his Sovereign the royal title. Crete is far less valuable and less populous than the great Continental dependencies, and the SULTAN might probably be willing to relieve himself of a body of rebellious subjects if the cession which is demanded were not to be used for the aggrandizement of a hostile and ambitious neighbour. Even the pretensions of Greece might perhaps be admitted to discussion if they were confined to a single island; but it is dangerous to allow the doctrine that dissatisfied Christian subjects may find it their interest to seek allies in the neighbouring Kingdom. Most formidable of all is the avowed sympathy of Russia with all present and probable insurgents against Turkish authority. There is not a single European province of Turkey in which the grievances and discontent of the Cretans are not constantly reproduced. Notwithstanding the bad success of the Turkish commanders in Crete, the Government would probably be able to deal both with indigenous rebels and with their Greek auxiliaries; but the irresistible power of Russia looms in the background, and the marriage of the young King of the GREEKS with a princess of the Imperial House bodes little good to Turkey.

In the course of the recent diplomatic communications on the Cretan question, Lord STANLEY instructed Lord LYONS to furnish him with information on the present relations of the Christian population to the Government and to the dominant race in different parts of the Turkish Empire. The English Consuls have accordingly been directed to report on the condition of the Christians, and their various statements convey a distinct impression of the internal administration. It seems to have been found impossible to enforce the laws which enact that judicial equality shall prevail among all classes of the SULTAN's subjects. The Mussulman tribunals obstinately reject Christian evidence in criminal proceedings and in suits relating to real property. The Turk is probably not so much afraid of Christian perjury as of hostility which might vent itself in the form of false testimony; but whatever may be the motive of their unjust practice, the hardship would be intolerable if it were not mitigated by the characteristic contrivance of employing Mussulman witnesses in the cause of infidels who can afford to pay for admissible testimony. Two or three of the Consuls, writing from distant places, state that the Greeks enjoy, with the help of bribery, an equality or superiority over Turkish litigants. In one case a Christian complainant, who had in vain called all his neighbours to prove his ownership of three horses which had been stolen from him, at last paid a small sum to two Mahometan bystanders who immediately proved his case, although the Court was perfectly aware that they had never before seen the prosecutor or his horses. In other respects the Christians, although they are treated as inferiors, appear to suffer little from material oppression. Their own chiefs, and especially their bishops, are more corrupt and more tyrannical than their alien masters; but the Turks have the art of provoking the utmost possible animosity with the least advantage to themselves. It cannot be doubted that the whole Christian population is thoroughly and incurably disloyal. Lord LYONS, and the majority of his informants, assert with unhesitating confidence that the condition of the subject races has been greatly improved during the present generation, and, in twenty years more, civil equality might perhaps be practically established; but the Porte has been slow and careless, and probably it is too late to retrieve former errors. Many symptoms indicate the determination of Russia to force on the solution of the Eastern question, in spite of the repugnance of England and Austria, and of the hesitation of France. The concentration of troops in Russian Poland menaces Galicia, and the ostentatious assemblage of Slavonic delegates at Moscow is intended as a defiance both to Austria and to Turkey.

The recent progress of Russian conquest in Central Asia may perhaps not have been unconnected with the project of conquering or dismembering the Turkish Empire. Although the Russian outposts are still removed by a considerable distance from the Indian frontier, it might not be impossible to effect a diversion in the East by encouraging the turbulence of border tribes and the disaffection of Indian malcontents. The rival

rulers of Candahar and Cabul are clamorous for English aid or countenance, and the Government of Calcutta has been sometimes threatened with the alternative of an appeal to the patronage of Russia. After the experience of the last Affghan war, Sir JOHN LAWRENCE has probably exercised sound judgment in refusing to interfere in the disputes of the successors of Dost MAHOMMED; but the time may perhaps be approaching in which the easy policy of absolute inactivity may be no longer safe or practicable. The deserts and mountains which separate Bokhara from the Punjaub may perhaps prevent invasion from Central Asia, but Persia is little better than a province of Russia, and Herat lies within easy reach of an army advancing from the North-west. In the event of a dispute with England on the Turkish question, Russia would immediately attempt to promote disturbances in India. The difficulty of reinforcing the army either for general or for Indian service has been greatly aggravated by the amalgamation which resulted from the abolition of the Company, and it is well known to all the actual and possible enemies of England. It may be hoped that it would be within the power of the Supreme Government to defend India against any foreign enemy; but it would be difficult to maintain at the same time a single-handed contest in Europe. It is not impossible that a return to the ancient system of alliances and of balanced power may be caused or accelerated by reasons of Indian policy. For the present, however, it is desirable to adjourn a collision, and it is still more desirable to deprive Russia of a just or plausible pretext for complaint. The Cretan question will demand an immediate solution, whether OMAR PASHA succeeds or fails in crushing the insurgents. If the Christians of Crete have practically established their independence, there is no sufficient reason for interfering further with their desire of annexation to Greece. The re-establishment, on the other hand, of Turkish authority would justify the exaction of securities against the oppression and cruelty which might probably follow an unsuccessful rebellion. In either case the English Government might place a friendly pressure on the Porte in support of the recommendations or demands which will be urged by France and Russia. If, indeed, Greece presented a more satisfactory and hopeful spectacle, sound policy would dictate a hearty support of the ambitious designs of the Government and the nation; for a great Christian State in the South-east of Europe would be a security for the general peace, and it would deprive Russia of all pretexts for aggrandizement. Although the Greeks now openly invite Russian protection, only three or four years have elapsed since they unanimously elected an English prince to fill their vacant throne. There can be no doubt that they still prefer their own interests to the furtherance of Russian designs, and they are well aware that, if they could secure the friendship of England, they would not be required in return to compromise their national dignity or to endanger their independence.

THE STATE OF PARTIES.

THIS has been an astonishing Session. Sir ROBERT PEEL'S desertion of the Protectionist cause is a mere nothing compared to the wholesale apostacy of all the country gentlemen of England to the cause of household suffrage. At the perjuries of political parties, as of lovers, Jove perhaps laughs; but the perjuries of Conservatism, it must be confessed, have been on a splendid and gigantic scale. The settlement of the question of Reform on a broad and intelligible basis is, as we have always maintained, an advantage to the nation; but it is far more doubtful whether a sweeping change of front on the part of an ancient and hitherto—in the political sense of the word—an honourable party is a movement of which the country can be proud. If it was difficult to trust public men after Sir ROBERT PEEL's conversion, it will be henceforward difficult to trust a great party. A fatal blow has been inflicted, not indeed on the Constitution of the country, which is hardly enough to outlive such changes, but on political credit. This consideration it is which, when the passion of conflict has calmed itself, will we believe lead men of all shades of opinion to rate very highly the honour of the small knot of able and respected Conservatives who, like Lord CRANDORNE and General PEEL, Sir W. HEATHCOTE and Mr. BERESFORD HOPE, have declined to join in the general stampede. They may have erred in their views about Reform itself, but, at a time when all consistency was going by the board, they have been true to their colours. At the close of a Session which, however fruitful in benefit to the country, has not been fruitful of credit to party character, they will emerge with what may be said to

be fast becoming a rarity amongst us—an unsullied political reputation.

The events of the spring and summer have necessarily modified the situation of parties in the House of Commons, and perhaps in the country at large. At the opening of Parliament Lord DERBY's forces seemed weak, and his tenure of office most ephemeral. It was true that the Liberals had become disorganized, but in the presence of a question like Reform the Ministry held at best a precarious position. In the course of a few months, by a succession of tactics which command at least our intellectual admiration, Mr. DISRAELI has manoeuvred round, and planted himself ingeniously in the Liberal rear. If he succeeds in burying for thirty years to come the awkward ghost of Reform agitation, he will, in the first place, have laid a spirit which, ever since 1852, has continually interposed between his own party and office. Without plunging into misty and unreliable calculations as to the effect of household suffrage upon the borough registers, anybody can see that to have got rid of Reform will be for Mr. DISRAELI a real party advantage. But, secondly, the course taken by him with respect to the suffrage must, during the remainder of the Session, be of material and practical benefit to his own side. In the opinion of many sensible people, by far the most crucial and important part of the whole Reform question is the subject of redistribution of seats. The future balance of political power depends more upon this than upon any vertical extension of the borough franchise. And it is now, when the redistribution of seats comes to be discussed, that every single concession hitherto made by Mr. DISRAELI will begin to tell. First of all, his stupendous surrender of the borough franchise has thrown the redistribution part of his Bill into the background. The energies of Parliament have been spent on the more popular portion of the discussion; and the Liberal side of the House approaches the remainder of his programme with flagging zeal, and, what is more to the purpose, in the best possible temper. A considerable number have been convinced, rightly or wrongly, that the Ministerial Bill of 1867 is worth keeping, even at a considerable sacrifice; and they will be inclined to think twice before they throw over all the arrangement of the borough franchise for the sake of disfranchising an extra Conservative seat, or preventing the counties from taking the lion's share of the plunder. Πλέον ἡμεῖς παύροι. The half is so important that they will struggle less for the whole. In this way Mr. DISRAELI's new-born Liberalism will recoup itself for every surrender he has made. The old Whigs, who are vitally interested in the redistribution, will find themselves enfeebled, if not powerless, against the influence which the Tory leader, by dint of courtesy and intrigue and concessions, has secured against the hour of a coming struggle for the new seats. Such will be the first immediate consequences of the acceptance by the Conservatives of the principle of household suffrage.

A more momentous effect on the future fortunes of the Liberal party cannot but ensue from the altered position of Mr. GLADSTONE. At the commencement of the year we pointed out how vitally important it was to Mr. DISRAELI, as a party leader, to settle the question of Reform, in order to take from his great rival the one topic on which he was sure of commanding the sympathies of his followers. While Reform agitation lasted, Mr. GLADSTONE's white plume was certain to be in the front of the battle. When it is over, it is not easy to perceive what flag he can hoist which will rally round him his scattered troops. There is, of course, the Irish Church. Even if Mr. GLADSTONE makes up his mind, after a strong internal effort, to head the attack upon its endowments, there remains the difficulty whether Mr. DISRAELI will take issue with him upon it. Perhaps he will find out by this time next year that Irish Ecclesiastical Reform has always been the dearest object of a true Conservative policy. He may feel, with respect to this as with respect to the franchise, that it is his duty as a statesman to talk it over frankly with the House, with the view of arriving at an equitable compromise. And three months of bewildering negotiation will possibly render Mr. DISRAELI's Cabinet and followers as docile as lambs. Mr. HENLEY will be heard swearing that the Irish Church is an invention of Old Nick; Lord STANLEY will be too busy about the *Alabama* to devote his mind to sublunary religious politics; Lord DERBY will have the gout; and Mr. GATHORNE HARDY will satisfy his conscience by taking his irrevocable stand on some position which no one wants to controvert. It is perhaps scarcely necessary to speculate on the motives of the lay figures who constitute the residue of Lord DERBY's Cabinet; and as the most vigorous Protestants on that side of the House have been carted off on to the judicial Bench, it is not impossible that Mr. DISRAELI might once more win the plaudits of the Radicals by cheerfully

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bestowing far more than Mr. GLADSTONE is at all inclined to ask. The Irish Church apart, what else is there that is left of a threatening character? There are, no doubt, the subjects of Education and of the Universities. But Mr. GLADSTONE is not on these points at union with his party. Only this week he has shown his divergence from them, and given rise to much muttered disaffection by his speech upon Mr. FAWCETT's Bill. Where he experiences a conscientious difficulty in following, it is idle to believe that he can hope to lead. Foreign politics, under the supervision of Lord STANLEY, will scarcely be allowed to present any matter of principle to divide Parliament into two hostile camps. There still remains, it may be said, Finance. On this, Mr. GLADSTONE's greatest and best specialty, Mr. DISRAELI has already begun to entrench himself securely. And the way he has chosen is a peculiarly sagacious one. He has simply borrowed Mr. GLADSTONE's clothes. Is Mr. GLADSTONE the author of the French Treaty? Mr. DISRAELI professes himself a tardy but a genuine convert. Is Mr. GLADSTONE afflicted with a sense of the prospect of our decaying coalfields? There is nothing which Mr. DISRAELI would more heartily deplore. Does Mr. GLADSTONE propose to pay off the National Debt? Mr. DISRAELI will assist him in ladling away industriously at the Atlantic. If Mr. GLADSTONE is for preserving the Malt-tax, Mr. DISRAELI is fully as alive to the injudiciousness of depriving the Exchequer of so necessary though disagreeable an impost, and he even goes further than Mr. GLADSTONE in making fun of Mr. JASPER MORE and the Malt-tax League.

ounds! show me what thou'lt do;
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear thyself?
Woo't drink up Esil? eat a crocodile?
I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
Nay, an' thou'l mouth—I'll rant as well as thou.

When we turn from questions personal only to Mr. GLADSTONE to those which are likely to affect his party in general, it is equally evident that Mr. DISRAELI has selected his position with intelligence and care. Church questions may naturally be supposed to be marked out by destiny as furnishing one of the great future battle-fields between Conservative and Liberal politicians. Here, again, the experience of the past few months renders it difficult to say when Mr. DISRAELI will cease manœuvring backwards, and boldly stand to his guns. But be the point where it may, whether it be Bishops or Church endowments, or compulsory education, Mr. DISRAELI, wherever he takes his stand, will hold a fortified and powerful position. He will find many of those who sit at present on the Liberal benches ready to co-operate with him. Weak as it may be in the North of England, owing to the rapid growth of an industrial manufacturing population, in the South the Church of England is, in a political sense, exceedingly well armed. Most educated Englishmen have grown up under its shadow. And every removal of religious disabilities makes the political position of Dissenters less intelligible. Years probably must elapse before a compact Parliamentary following could be got together for an organized and formidable attack on Church endowments, and meanwhile the Liberal party will be in want, not only of a congenial cry, but of a sympathetic general. Regard it from whatever point of view we may, the strategy of Mr. DISRAELI this Session has been long-sighted and elaborately planned.

Wherein then lies the real danger of the Conservative party, and of their adopted and accommodating leader? We think it lies just where they deserve that it should lie. No great party can make an entire and absolute surrender of its old traditions without losing its hold on the personal respect of the country. The nation beyond the doors of St. Stephen's has been appeased and perhaps gratified by the conciliatory concessions of the Tories. But what the Tories have gained in popularity they have lost, we are sorry to be compelled to say, in political honour; and loss of honour or credit in the long run and in a hundred impalpable ways tells on a party's strength. At the present moment the House of Commons and Mr. DISRAELI are on the best of terms, while the House of Commons and Mr. GLADSTONE have apparently but slight sympathy with one another. But the country outside takes a larger and broader view of Mr. GLADSTONE. It appreciates more keenly his warmth of heart, his integrity, and that tinge of generous enthusiasm which colours all even his weakest and most short-sighted actions, and it is not so sensitive to his minor foibles. On the whole, those in whose hands Mr. DISRAELI is placing a large share of electoral power, are on the side, not of Mr. DISRAELI, but of his rival. They prefer Mr. GLADSTONE, with all his faults, to Mr. DISRAELI and all his virtues. If we only look at the lobbies of the House, we feel tempted to

say that, as far as human ingenuity can do it, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has settled himself fairly in his saddle. But a look outside, coupled with the reflection that the present Parliament is not, and is not meant by either side to be, immortal, makes us think twice before we prophesy a long tenure of office for Mr. DISRAELI. He has laid all his plans to keep the public out of doors from calling loudly for a change of measures. If Lord DERBY's Cabinet survives through the present Session, the next Ministerial crisis may occur, not because the country wishes for a change of measures, but because on the whole it would rather have a change of men.

THE MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT OF LONDON.

THERE is little difference in principle between the recommendations of the Select Committee on Metropolitan Local Government and the plan proposed by Mr. MILL. Both schemes provide for the establishment of district authorities with federal relations, or under central control; and the Committee propose to readjust the existing divisions of London. There are at present about forty districts in the metropolis, varying largely in extent and population; and the number might be advantageously reduced. According to Mr. MILL's proposal, the Parliamentary boroughs would be incorporated under the Municipal Act, so that London would include seven independent towns, differing from Manchester or Leeds only in their union among themselves for general purposes. On the whole, the less ambitious experiment is safer and more desirable. Some of the London boroughs might perhaps be advantageously governed by Town Councils; but Marylebone, Westminster, and the new borough which is to be formed in the Western suburbs are wholly unlike provincial towns in their social and economical circumstances. Notwithstanding the democratic character of the municipal franchise, the trading and manufacturing interests generally contrive in corporate towns to influence the local representation, and it is an object of ambition to respectable persons to attain municipal office. The wealthy inhabitants of a Northern or Midland town are for the most part engaged in the staple industry of the place, and their claim to local precedence is more or less generally acknowledged. In the City of London, although corporate dignities have fallen into the hands of persons of minor importance, a traditional respect is entertained for the great merchants and bankers. The West End of London contains the richest and most highly educated population in England, and yet for all public purposes it is absolutely controlled by small retail dealers and publicans. Whole days might be spent in traversing streets and squares exclusively inhabited by persons whose incomes exceed a thousand a year, but they are unknown to one another and to their poorer neighbours, and they are wholly unaffected by the local attraction which has been called the patriotism of the church-steeple. The capitalists of the City have no objection to the titular supremacy of an ancient and wealthy Corporation which has too many eccentric privileges, and too large a property, to be inclined to vexatious interference or partial taxation. But a Mayor and Common Council of Marylebone would not be regarded with equal confidence and complacency. Some of the ordinary incidents of municipal incorporation would be superfluous in London. Six or seven Courts of Quarter Sessions and separate Commissions of the Peace would be cumbrous and inconvenient. As the good deeds of the City are seldom remembered, it ought to be acknowledged that the Corporation is always careful to appoint competent judicial officers, and that it bears far more than its share of the expense of administering justice.

Mr. MILL makes no provision for the rating or for the representation of owners of property. The direct incidence of the rate will become after a time a matter of trifling importance, as the owner will be, except in the case of existing contracts, the ultimate paymaster. It is, however, highly desirable to give the wealthier classes a share in the control of municipal affairs, and the rate on property proposed by the Committee furnishes a reason or pretext for introducing a certain number of owners of property into the Municipal Council. Until the meaning of property is more accurately defined, it is doubtful whether beneficial leaseholders will share the privilege to be accorded to freeholders. The peculiar and unsatisfactory tenure of land in London may render it difficult to find a constituency of proprietors, and by far the greater number of the wealthier inhabitants belong to the class of occupiers. It is not easy to anticipate the effect of a more or less democratic constitution of the Municipal Council. The representatives of small ratepayers might perhaps incline in some cases to mag-

nificence rather than to frugality, while the owners of property would watch with jealous vigilance an expenditure which might possibly produce public benefit without increasing their own rental. Experience shows that, since the passing of the Municipal Act, Corporations have been more enterprising than the oligarchies which they superseded. Manchester has spent a million on water supply alone, and the Corporation of Liverpool is in the present Session promoting an almost unopposed Bill for improvements which will involve a cost of more than a million. The ratepayers of London belong, with scarcely an exception, to the aristocracy of 10*l.* householders, and they have never opposed the costly schemes of the Metropolitan Board of Works.

The most obvious argument in favour of the incorporation of the metropolitan Parliamentary boroughs is to be found in the possible dangers which might result from the establishment of a central administration of the whole of London. The pre-eminent merit of the *LORD MAYOR* consists in his semi-fabulous character. Inheriting the pageantry of his municipal ancestors, he has been gradually denuded of the power which made them formidable during the Civil War, and troublesome even in the early days of *GEORGE III.* In disturbed times it might be worth the while of a demagogue to become President of the Municipal Council of London, for the reasons which induced *WILKES* to make himself Alderman and Lord Mayor. The Commune of Paris for a time divided supreme power with the Convention and the Committee of Public Safety, and even in 1848 the Mayor of Paris had a seat in the Provisional Government of France. Some of the members of the Select Committee proposed to obviate the risk by making the President a Minister, with a seat in the House of Commons; but a nominee of the Crown would find it difficult to control an elected body constituted for the imposition and expenditure of municipal taxes. Mr. COWPER or *LORD JOHN MANNERS* would not have been allowed to borrow three or four millions on the security of the rates, although the inhabitants of London have never rebelled against *SIR JOHN THWAITES.* It is perhaps better to limit the powers of the municipal President than to introduce the partial innovation of placing the metropolis under the direct control of the House of Commons. It must be admitted that the Corporations which were created thirty years ago have in general confined themselves to their proper functions, instead of meddling vexatiously with general politics. It is highly probable that local jobs are sometimes perpetrated for the benefit of political factions, but in large towns the leaders of the Corporation have employed themselves in promoting local objects.

Although the Committee professedly left the question open, there can be little doubt of the propriety and necessity of retaining in the hands of the Government the control of the Metropolitan Police. The separate jurisdiction of the City Corporation over a hundredth part of the area of London is a harmless or slightly inconvenient anomaly. No practical evils, beyond unnecessary expense, are known to have resulted from the divided administration since the entrance of the Princess of *WALES* into London in the spring of 1863. It would be highly inexpedient to entrust the command of the general force to any authority which was not directly responsible to the Crown and to Parliament. In New York, which is always with good reason quoted as the worst possible example of corporate government, it was long since found absolutely necessary to create a separate police department, independent both of the City Corporation and of the police judges who partly represent the riotous and criminal classes. When the new municipality has come into existence, it will be expected to display liberality and judgment rather than executive vigour. The Board or Council will have to open wide thoroughfares, which the police, under the Home Office, will keep clear from obstruction. There is also reason to hope that local taxation may be simplified, though it will scarcely be reduced. Only sanguine persons will expect that an elected and corporate *HAUSSMANN* will arise to turn London from brick into figurative marble. The smoke of London alone deprives architectural embellishment of half its value; and it is impossible to accommodate thousands of families which insist on separate dwellings in stately houses five or six stories high. The most valuable improvement yet projected for the benefit of London is unfortunately also the most costly. No municipal President will be bold enough to bring water from Wales or Cumberland for the supply of the metropolis and for the relief of the Thames; but the Water Companies have some reason to dread the spoliation of their property by the successors of the Board which promoted the Metropolitan Gas Bill. That insolent

project of confiscation illustrates the principal danger which might follow from the creation of a too powerful London Municipality. The spoliation of private or joint-stock property might often supply local representatives with the means of purchasing popularity. The well-known propensity of ratepayers to plunder Railway Companies is only checked by the rigid supervision of Courts of Law; and a Municipal Council which was entrusted with any portion of the functions of Parliament would inevitably prefer on all occasions the supposed interests of its constituents to the rights of owners of property.

MR. DISRAELI AND THE CONSERVATIVES.

WHATEVER may be the diversity of opinions on the measure of Reform which has been propounded by HER MAJESTY's Ministers, there can be but one opinion as to the conduct of the Minister by whom it has been devised. His conduct is unique. It combines qualities uncommon in themselves, and more uncommon in their combination. The semblance of the most maidenish modesty united to the substance of the most confident assurance is a combination less familiar to the foremost benches of the House of Commons than to the saloons where hazard and rouge-et-noir are played. As to the assurance of Mr. DISRAELI, it is superb. There is an effrontery about it which is sublime in its complacency. Nothing can approach it within the memory of recent history. No one could have conceived it except the imaginative novelist who has just dazzled the world by so brilliant an illustration of it. The history of the Tory Reform Bill will hardly beseem the prosaic hands of an ordinary annalist. A pen dipped in the many-tinted colours of romance can alone depict the varied and changing policy of the statesman-novelist. To some still younger DISRAELI it must be reserved to sing the progress of a new *CONINGSBY*, and unfold the conception of the greatest of modern mysteries. Not till then shall we hear told in befitting style the wiles, the cajoleries, and the success of the Tory leader, or the blind sequaciousness of his confiding followers. Not till then shall we realize in all its wonderful proportions the astounding career whereof the single episodes are startling. Not till then shall we be able to trace the mysterious development which, out of the interesting satellite of O'CONNELL, fabricated the aspiring follower of PEEL, and metamorphosed the follower of PEEL into the Paladin of Protection. Not till then shall we learn by what secret law it was that the champion of consistency and Conservatism took the position of the denounced and taunted PEEL, only to abandon it with a more reckless effrontry than PEEL was every accused of having shown. When SIDONIA next recounts the fate of parties and of Ministries, his budget of paradoxes will be exhausted to justify the cruel deception practised on the great Conservative party by their gifted leader. He will have a theory, and a plausible theory, for a career which to ordinary minds will seem one long abnegation of all principle. It may be Fate, or it may be Patriotism, or it may be a lofty scorn for the conventionalities of common men. Whichever it be, is not material; whatever it is, it will be made to fit the biography of the hero of success. The biographer will describe the yearnings of the youthful politician for the struggles and triumphs of political life—yearnings which sprang from a consciousness of his own, and a contempt of others', power. He will describe the magnanimous indifference to parties which characterized the aspirant for Parliamentary fame. Radical or Tory, Chartist or Conservative, it was all the same to him. The goal was St. Stephen's; what mattered the portals by which it was entered? Then he will show, in phrases of obscure magnificence, how, in certain minds of lofty aspiration and profound intuitions, the dogmas of opposite parties all tend to one central point, and are each the imperfect expression of a grand innate Idea. Thus he will explain how it was that, while the champion of the many-coloured shield was assailing his former chief, it was not in the vulgar sense which his applauding followers attributed to his words. He was simply the ministerial officer of Fate or Necessity, or some other abstraction with capital letters, performing the part which circumstances forced upon him. It was only in conformity to the deliberate scheme of his own political life, and not to the sentiments of contempt and horror which he expressed, that he lashed the "perfidy" of his recreant leader. Nor was it without distinct anticipation of the retribution which NEMESIS would some day award him that he launched his bitter invectives against the man whom he was to displace. When he derided the politician who never originates an idea—"the watcher of the atmosphere"—and described him as bearing the same relation

to a statesman that the man who gets up behind a carriage bears to the man who is a great whip, a profound self-consciousness told him that he would one day watch the atmosphere himself, and take up an idea from some chance hawker of nostrums. When he illustrated his invective by comparing the Protectionist leader who abandoned Protection to the Turkish admiral who steered his fleet right for the enemy's port, his genius must have whispered to him that, in the fulfilment of his destiny, he too would some day carry a rich armament of checks and securities into the hostile camp. While others taunt him with the abandonment of the two years' residence clause, the dual vote, and the fancy franchises, and with the destruction of the compound householder, he only smiles consciously at the irony of Fate, whose sure decree he long ago foresaw. He knows that the barbarian creed is not without its meaning, and that the spirits of the chiefs slain in political warfare live to animate the counsels of their vanquishers. The inconsistency of PEEL is avenged by the more audacious inconsistencies of the man who overthrew him and replaced him. The great Protectionist leader of former days became the Parliamentary sponsor of Free Trade. His accuser, the great Tory orator of our days—for whom Conservatism was too weak and lukewarm a name—has carried his army, bag and baggage, into the slough of Radicalism. He has marched them there, leaves them there, and stands shouting, "Thank you, gentlemen! that's your place!" Mr. DISRAELI not only remembers a famous speech made twenty-one years ago, but, when he made it, foresaw the application to himself. "He has the sublime audacity to confess . . . we accepted him for a leader to accomplish the triumph of Protection; and now we are to attend the catastrophe of Protection." The man who uttered these words knew that they must one day recoil upon himself. No Parliamentary rhetorician has yet declaimed them, but many a recalcitrant voter on the Government side has muttered, "We accepted him for a leader to accomplish the triumph of Conservatism; and now we are to attend the catastrophe of Conservatism."

We have given what we believe would be the Sidonian view of Disraelitish strategy. It was good for Mr. DISRAELI and the world that Mr. DISRAELI should be a member of Parliament; better that he should be a Minister. To effect such a consummation it was necessary that a great party leader should be sacrificed with abuse for his imputed apostasy; but the consummation, once effected, was destined to seduce his assailant into a greater apostasy. This is Fate, Necessity, Nemesis, or what you will. Such an idea probably satisfies both the vanity and the philosophy of Mr. DISRAELI. But how will it satisfy his followers? They, poor people, are much to be pitied. Their case is only one degree less melancholy than it is ludicrous. They are in a condition at once laughable and deplorable. They have suffered the loss which is sustained by the depositors in an insolvent bank, and something worse beside, for the Directors of insolvent banks do not openly laugh at the victims whom they have defrauded. They are like the Turkish sailors of the perfidious Admiral cited by their faithless leader, but with this difference—that their admiral has got new crews for his ships, and can dispense with his own. They are not even "imps of fame." They have toiled and laboured in the most servile way to do his bidding, and to upset a Government which they feared was about to revolutionize the country; and behold, their victorious chief is revolutionizing it more thoroughly than those whom they have displaced. They had their dear, nice little recipes for giving a homeopathic Reform Bill which should injure no one and disagree with no one. They were to neutralize its virus with a little duality, and an extra allowance of residential qualification, fancy franchises, and two or three other pretty little prescriptions. Their leader humoured them in the most affable manner possible, patted them on the cheek, told them that they should have their nice little sweeties, so they should! And then, when the first rude breath of opposition came, the perfidious man went forth to meet blustering BOREAS at the gate, and flung away all the precious cargo with the most accommodating facility. All is gone! All that was to defend the Constitution from anarchy, the Crown from menace, and property from plunder, is swept away. The occupant of a floor in a Lambeth or Shoreditch tenement will go to the hustings on an equal footing with the ROTHSchilds and the BARINGS. Everything which in their minds could facilitate the advent of Democracy has been conceded; everything which could retard it has been withdrawn. And this is not the worst of it. What is most provoking of all is that whenever a peculiarly vigorous attack has been made on a peculiarly feeble part of the

defences, there is the Conservative leader, smiling blandly, cap in hand, and serenely declaring that it was always the intention of the Government to surrender that special point.

Where will it all end? Who can tell? The habits of traditional loyalty keep the rank and file of the Tory party in good discipline. A few seceders have left the camp; but the residue remain steady to their colours, and help to win triumphs for their foes. *Sic vos non vobis* might be sung with appropriate effect at every Conservative dinner in the land. Whatever may be the destiny hereafter reserved for Mr. DISRAELI, the human imagination can hardly fathom a deeper depth than his party has already sounded. It has many conflicts and conquests to look back upon, but all fade into vanity and insignificance before the one which it has just achieved. After years of unofficial labour and gratuitous zeal it has enabled its leader to caricature the alleged " perfidy" of PEEL by a perfidy not only far less imaginary, but far more intrepid and unblushing. It has helped him to upset a Reform Bill which was Toryism itself compared with that which we are now likely to have; and it has empowered him to carry another Reform Bill which his party has learned to appreciate in learning that it satisfies the utmost longings of MR. BRIGHT. As he said of Sir ROBERT PEEL, "Follow him! who is to follow him? or where is anybody to follow him to?" This is the mystery which his party has to solve, and it is one which might have been profitably considered some years ago. But, as the coming SIDONIA will explain it, it is all right, and in the true sequence of things; it was an irreversible decree of Fate, or the immutable property of Race, or animal magnetism, or something else, that the "Great Conservative Party" should always wreck its own ships and sack its own fortresses; should carry an Emancipation Bill in spite of its religious principles, should abolish the Corn Laws in spite of its class prejudices, and now should carry a Reform Bill which offends at once its prejudices and its principles. The last of these three measures is perhaps as wise, as just, and as necessary, as were either of the other two; that is a matter which we are not discussing here. The fitness or expediency of any measure in itself is quite a distinct question from the political morality and consistency of those who introduce it. Parliamentary government is government by party. Government by party is, or ought to be, government on certain understood and fixed principles. When a great party repudiates the principles with which it has been long associated, and acquires or retains power by their repudiation, it deals a mortal blow at its own honour and at the estimation in which public men should be held. And this is just what the Conservative party has done under its present leader. There is nothing which it may not now be expected to do. As MR. BRIGHT significantly remarked on Tuesday, the next two or three years will witness propositions not less startling than the present Reform Bill, and not less likely to test the stanchness of Conservatism. Will the leader who has yielded so much already begin to resist at last? or will he be allowed to palliate his transferred allegiance by affixing a new title to the idol of his worship, and declaring that the Radicalism which he once adored has lost its pristine terrors in the guise and attributes of "Conservative Democracy"? This is the problem which the Conservative party will hereafter have to solve. In the meanwhile, the most cordial approval and support of MR. DISRAELI'S Reform Bill is quite compatible with the strongest possible condemnation of the political morality of its author.

THE ETHICS OF HIGH TREASON.

THE growing indisposition, on the part of many English and Continental thinkers, to visit political offences with death is the result of the numerous events in modern times which have shown how little any society can be trusted to be judge in its own cause. According to the old notions of our greatgrandfathers, there is no crime comparable in gravity to the crime of the man who turns his hand against the Government of his country. The ignominious and horrible punishment inflicted in former times upon the traitor, the memory of which still survives in the sort of fossil ceremonial used at a trial for high treason, indicated that the traitor was to be regarded, not merely as a felon, but as a parricide. And if society, as we find it in any worldly commonwealth, could be regarded as a divinely appointed system, no doubt the adventurer who sought to upset it would be twenty times as guilty as an ordinary criminal. To contravene one article of the law being a punishable offence, the conduct of the man who attacked the very source of law and order would appear unspeakably heinous. This is indeed the view taken, till very lately, of rebellion by the old-world Governments of Europe. What prevents its general adoption is the conviction that as often as not the rebel has been right, and the social system which he has attacked has been wrong.

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And if this is so, it follows that sentences passed by society upon rebels lose most of their weight. They are simply the judgment passed by the victor upon the vanquished, by one party to the quarrel upon the other. They tell us only what we knew before, that society is against those who are against it; but they do not even raise a *prima facie* presumption as to the real merits of the controversy. When we see that the cause of an established system is in other countries very frequently the cause of injustice, and not of justice, it is illogical and egotistical to assume that our own political or social system is infallible. We are all of us convinced that Fenianism does incalculable harm, instead of good, to Ireland; but as this is the very point at issue between ourselves and the Fenians, it is impossible to determine it in our own favour by executing a Fenian general with all the solemnities of a disgraceful and ignominious death. What is happening at the present moment in Mexico may be taken as an illustration of the logical difficulty. The Emperor Maximilian may be considered as a man who, with the best intentions, has made an attempt to overthrow the existing institutions of Mexico, and to set up in their place institutions which he considers superior. If success is, as Mr. Mill suggests, to be taken as the test of the morality of a revolution, the Emperor Maximilian has failed. He has been taken prisoner, with all his army, by the Government which he endeavoured to subvert. He is therefore at the mercy of the political system against which he took up arms, and why should he not be shot? From the point of view of an honest Mexican Republican, if there be such a thing in existence, one can conceive of many arguments in favour of shooting him, just as there were many arguments in favour of hanging Burke. President Juarez might expatiate on the necessity of putting an end by one great blow to the disposition of foreign philanthropists to interfere in Mexican politics. There will never be any end to Imperial filibusters, it might be urged, till it is proved that no mercy will be shown them. Ultramontanists will go on intriguing, and European adventurers will go on hoping, till they are taught by a stern example to keep on their own side of the Atlantic. Disinterested spectators feel of course how much there is to be said in favour of Maximilian. He has been an honest and brave man, sincerely anxious to benefit the people over whom he thought Providence, speaking by the mouth of the French Emperor, had called on him to reign. But the Jurists would reply that this only proved that we were on the side of the alien intruder, just as Mr. Seward possibly might be on the side of the Fenian Burke. If the theory is good in England that society has a right to put to death an unsuccessful assailant, it is good surely in Mexico as well. And if we are driven to admit that society is not an infallible judge there, and accordingly ought not to deal with a prisoner as if it were infallible, it follows as a necessary conclusion that society here may be fallible as well. Its own conviction of the excellence of the established order of things cannot be accepted as decisive. The deputation which pressed upon Lord Derby the example of the lenity shown by the United States in the case of Mr. Jefferson Davis were clever enough to seize on this insuperable difficulty which besets every attempt to weigh the moral deserts of a rebel. Lord Derby was able of course to show that Burke is not Jefferson Davis. It is easy to establish a vast difference between the two men, but it is not so easy to rest this difference on any moral and intelligible definition. Jefferson Davis represented, it may be said, a great cause. To this an American statesman would reply that the cause he represented was as bad as it was great. Jefferson Davis, Lord Derby tells us, was at the head, not of a paltry Fenian mob, but of millions of armed and intelligent men. This, however, in the eyes of an American logician, would only show that the errors he represented were dangerous and seductive; and indeed Lord Derby himself would be compelled to recognise the force of the answer, for one of the grounds assigned for remitting Burke's sentence is that Fenianism is a bubble which we can afford to treat leniently. Lastly, it may be said that Jefferson Davis was far more nearly successful than Burke ever could hope to be. The magnitude of his effort raised him, according to Lord Derby, from the rank of a rebel into that of a belligerent. On this reasoning, however, Burke would be entitled to more mercy still if, instead of merely attacking a solitary police-station, he had succeeded in forming a regular army of Dublin linendrapers, had defeated the military in several pitched battles, and had held out in the mountains for a couple of winters. If, however, society is justified in assuming that it is always in the right, and that an insurrectionist is always in the wrong, it seems strangely illogical to argue that the magnitude of a rebellion extenuates its criminality.

When we turn from Lord Derby to Mr. Mill, and consider the political maxim on the subject of the ethics of rebellion which he enunciated at St. James's Hall, we do not find that the philosopher gives us much firmer logical resting-ground than the Minister. Mr. Mill's test of the morality of revolution seems at first a sensible one, and it is one which has often been put forward by educated persons before Mr. Mill. No man, he says, has a right to endeavour to upset by force the political order of things under which he lives, unless he has a reasonable prospect of success. If we analysed this view we should discover probably that it rested on a sort of Benthamite axiom, that there was, as we said above, a *prima facie* presumption in favour of any system which we see already existing and accepted by the world. The practical objection to this is that the presumption, if it exists at all, can at best be but an exceedingly weak one. A rebel might well afford to admit

the presumption in theory, but he would say that in the particular case with which he was dealing it was amply rebutted by facts. And if we come to the question what is a reasonable prospect of success, an infinity of further difficulties present themselves. Who is to be the judge of the reasonableness of the prospect? As a rule, nobody except a fanatic ever embarks in a venture which he considers wholly desperate. He believes that, even if he fails at the moment, he may sow the seeds of some idea which will bear fruit and be successful hereafter. No doubt it is highly unjustifiable to throw all society into a state of uproar and alarm for a trivial object. The object, however, to a rebel, if he is an honest rebel and not merely a reckless incendiary, seldom appears trivial, or a rebel he would not be. And thus we come back to the old dilemma—whether it is just that the society with which the rebel is at war should itself be taken to be an infallible arbitrator in its own cause as to the fairness of the charge which he prefers against it. Half of the great men who influence the thoughts of the future, long after they have passed away themselves, would be condemned by such a tribunal. All martyrs have experienced an adverse verdict at the hands of society, otherwise they would not be martyrs. But a few years ago John Brown, who was hung for an attempt to put down slavery in America by force, appeared to most of us a desperate adventurer. Before the grass upon his grave was green, the cause for which he gave his life had become triumphant. In an age of rapid political change it is hard to determine what cause is hopeless and what is not. It is not long since Italian freedom seemed a Quixotic dream, in which only a few daring conspirators partook. To-day the men who were put to death for it in Naples appear singularly unworthy of their fate, and rank, not as traitors, but as the protomartyrs of their country. "A reasonable prospect of success" therefore means nothing, and gives us no sure standard to mark actions by. Burke's efforts cannot be called immoral merely because a handful of troops sufficed to render them abortive. If he deserves to be hung, or to be punished at all, it must be for some better and some more simple reason.

The truth is that the right to hang rebels belongs to a nation in no other and no stronger sense than that in which the right belongs to a nation to make war. It is a belligerent prerogative which a nation's instinct of self-preservation teaches it to assert. The question is totally independent of the moral deserts of the rebel, and the sentence passed in due form upon him has nothing to do with his honesty of purpose. To his own master the rebel stands or falls. The moral verdict of society is of course an idle term in his ears, for he does not admit the jurisdiction of his judges to determine the ethical rights of the controversy between him and them. Society has got him down, and the *argumentum ad baculum* is therefore conclusive, but it is idle for the society which he accuses of fallibility and corruption to preach to him about the impropriety of his accusation. It is not by the Lord Chief Justice who tries him that the issue can be decided. History and posterity alone can arbitrate between rebel and the community with which he is at conflict. But it does not follow that the Government of the day is bound to hold its hand, and to abstain from extreme measures against its conquered foe; any more than it follows that a State ought never to proclaim war, because no State can ever be mathematically certain that it is in the right. As long as States continue to exist, they must act on what we have called the natural instinct of self-preservation. Accordingly, the only final test of the propriety of executing a revolutionist is the test of political necessity. And it is in reference to this test and principle alone that moral considerations ought to be taken into account, just as they ought to be taken into account when we have to deal with a question of peace or war. The execution of a traitor, like a proclamation of war, is the appeal to force which a nation in the last extremity permits itself. In both cases a nation ought to be able to justify the necessity to itself, by examining, with a sincere desire to be honest and candid in all respects, the moral merits of its own case. This is a very different thing from the habit, into which we too often fall, of preaching in a tone of virtuous indignation both against our enemies abroad and our disaffected fellow-subjects at home. What we have to do with is, not their moral position, but our own. Of the former we are not impartial judges; of the latter we are bound to do our best to judge, even if we cannot, strictly speaking, be said to be impartial. Political necessity is therefore the law by which we have to act, only that, in determining the nature of the necessity, it is right that we should be influenced by a sense of moral responsibility. The train of reasoning which is popularly adopted in discussing the wisdom of hanging a Fenian begins, accordingly, at the wrong end. The majority of people start by inquiring into the moral antecedents of the prisoner. How did he conduct himself during his enterprise? Did he happen to kill the police at whom he fired, and what justification had he for firing at them at all? Such inquiries never will land us in any satisfactory conclusion. As we have pointed out already, the question whether or not he was justified in his insurrection is the very knot and centre of the dispute between himself and us. We cannot be parties to the controversy and arbitrators in it too. The only adequate way of arriving at a sober estimate of our duties towards him is to start from the very antipodes of this mental attitude. And, first of all, it is under such circumstances the business of the nation, and of those who direct its councils, to consider

whether self-preservation requires us to make an example of the captured man. In deciding this, a wise statesman will take a large view, not of the deserts of the culprit, but of our own moral deserts as far as we can calculate them. Such an investigation bears immediately on the question of the political necessities of the case. If, for instance, our treatment of Ireland for years past had been—we do not say that it has been—such as to foment and foster the disaffection of which we complain, hanging Fenians could not be said to be the best or necessary way of quieting Ireland and of putting down Fenianism. If our own system of legislation or of administration, however honest, had been the original cause of Irish agitation, Burke's insane conspiracy would be rather a phenomenon of the disease than a cause of it. Cutting away a symptom would not, under such circumstances, be a necessary cure for the malady. And lastly, if we found nothing with which our conscience could reproach us, it well may be (as perhaps Lord Derby opines) that the more prudent treatment of Irish disaffection is that which is least sanguinary and severe. On the policy pursued by the Government with respect to the convicted Fenians we do not speak here; our object is simply to offer some suggestions as to the general principles on which the ethics of rebellion should be considered. Fenianism in itself certainly appears to be a degraded form of political movement; but it is safer to abstain from judging of such political movements from an ethical point of view at all. No definition can be laid down which can enable us to say with certainty that this rebel is a criminal, while the rebel next door is only a martyr; unless, indeed, like the *Times* newspaper, we believe in the "anerring instinct" of our age. In general, rebellion cannot be classified safely as a crime; it is enough to know and feel that it is a great national danger, and all that statesmen have to do is to deal with it as such.

STRIKES.

THE war between masters and men, which is now raging amongst the tailors, has perhaps wider ramifications than is at first sight obvious. We have indeed been treated to disquisitions which, if any one could read them, would possibly exhaust one side of the subject. The political economists have descended upon supply and demand, and the rate of profit and the wage-fund, until they have succeeded in obscuring some of the plainest elementary truths. The special incidents of the warfare, the nature and origin of the time-log, and the various moves which have been made by the combatants have supplied a mass of literature which may be compared for intricacy and difficulty to the debates upon the Schleswig-Holstein question. We desire at present to enter into none of those points. May the battle be fought fairly, and the right be ultimately successful! But which is in the right, and what moves may be considered fair, are questions which we will at present pass untouched. There is another party to the dispute, whose interests have not been so fully argued; and yet the clothes-wearing public is certainly as directly, if not as deeply, affected as that which makes or sells clothes. It is over the division of our spoils that the disputants are wrangling; and the possessive adjective stands for every one who has a coat to his back, or trousers on his legs. How long it may be in the power of any one to possess those articles who is not capable of manufacturing them for himself is a question which may possibly be solved by experiment. But at any rate no one who feels, with the great Teufelsdroeck, the immense importance of clothing to a featherless biped, even though he be a male, can fail to be deeply interested in the dispute.

The first point, however, which strikes us is the supreme indifference with which we can at present afford to regard the progress of the struggle. If ever the day should come when clothes would really be numbered amongst the luxuries of the rich, the matter would of course be more serious. But so long as we are merely reduced to the alternative of wearing old clothes instead of new, we can almost enjoy the prospect. Men about to be married, or placed in any of those rare positions in which a new coat is rather a necessity than a luxury, may of course affect to grumble. Yet, as the validity of the marriage ceremony does not depend upon a man's costume, there is consolation even in such troubles as these. People complain, and it is quite right that they should complain, when they cannot go to a dinner, or attend a meeting of their constituents, or be in time for divine service; yet on many occasions a thoroughly good excuse for non-performance of their duty is quite as satisfactory in their own hearts as its efficient discharge, and in no case is this truer than in the matter of dress. Who would not rejoice if he might attend a dinner-party on a hot day in his shirt-sleeves, without attracting notice; or be married in a comfortable shooting-coat, instead of attracting the cheers of the sight-seeing street population by unwonted splendour of appearance? Indeed, if we consider the true philosophy of clothes, it is evident that a new coat is in all cases a solecism; it is a primary axiom of the art that a well-dressed man should never be in conspicuously new apparel, and the truths upon which it is founded are obvious. The wearer should be superior to his clothes; he should not be overpowered by his own dress, any more than the central figure of a picture should be extinguished by the accessories. Now few men can stand a competition with their own trousers when new. They remind us of the portraits in which a brilliant bit of furniture distracts our attention from the original. The smooth uncreased

surface of the cloth speaks too forcibly of the tailor's shop. The ingenious pictorial advertisements in which trousers are seen mounting horses or taking walks without the assistance of humanity convey a great moral lesson which was perhaps absent from the mind of the designer; they show us that the human mind is capable of an effort of abstraction in which the wearer is altogether eclipsed, and becomes to our imagination non-existent, in favour of his garments. It is true that geniuses may be found who are capable of wearing new clothes. But, as a rule, a man requires that some time should elapse before his clothes can absorb something of his character. By an imperceptible process they become gradually subordinate to their owner, and in time rival the coverings of those happier orders of creation which throw out their own integuments by a natural organic process. So long as a coat is a coat at all, it continues to be more of its owner and less of itself, until at length it becomes as delicately harmonized with its proprietor as the lichens upon an old wall are with the building which it serves to beautify. Ultimately an old coat may even become a poetical object; it bristles, so to speak, with associations derived from constant use, till we can grow sentimental over it. A man may be affected without shame by the sight of a ragged, travel-stained, and smoke-perfumed shooting-jacket; but who ever wept at the sight of the noblest specimen of the tailor's art? It is true that there is a theory opposed to some of these doctrines. Mr. Ruskin, for example, has discovered it to be one of many proofs of our modern degeneracy that, instead of the splendour in which old knights loved to adorn themselves, we prefer the ugly and dingy-coloured clothes of the nineteenth century. We cannot say much for the beauty of modern dress; but certainly, in so far as it is more subordinate than formerly to the human figure, it is a symptom of progress rather than decline. It is essentially childish to endeavour to attract attention by brilliant colouring and gorgeous stuffs, instead of allowing your clothes to derive such interest as they may have from the person who wears them.

However, without allowing ourselves to be seduced into an exaggerated panegyric upon old clothes—and it is evident that a fair consideration of them, as indeed of most other things, may open the widest possible moral, religious, historical, and other disquisitions—we will content ourselves with the moderate assumption that they are far more comfortable than new ones. A rigorous social law imposes certain limitations upon the length of time for which it is permissible to wear them, but the code in such cases is evidently arbitrary. Why, for example, should not the standard which now satisfies a lower class be accepted by those above them? There is no natural standard of neatness, as there is of cleanliness. Why should not a peer wear his coats as long as a tradesman does now, and the tradesman be satisfied with the present requisitions of the costermonger? There would be a clear definite gain in comfort, and the eye would soon learn to be satisfied; a neatly inserted patch or a skilful piece of darning would be as pleasing as well-cut clothes; and when the general pitch of society was lowered by a few degrees, we should all be as happy when a trifling more shabby than we were in the days of our smartness. So far as dress is intended to mark distinctions, it would still be no less effective than at present, as the difference between barn-door fowls may be as marked as the difference between peacocks; whilst the distinctions between individuals would, for the reasons we have suggested, be more marked than before. Thinking of these things, it is difficult to repress a selfish wish that the strike may be protracted, and may have a result contemplated by neither party—namely, the decline of tailoring itself. If only it would last till new clothes had become a tradition, the social law might be permanently relaxed. And it is impossible to calculate the addition to human comfort which would result from allowing every man to lengthen his customary period of wear. Just as a garment becomes thoroughly habitable, it becomes socially impossible; and we cast it away with a barbarism comparable to that of a man who drinks his wine before it has time to mellow. The economical gain is too obvious to be discussed; and if the classes of dandies and tailors were somewhat depressed in spirit, they would suffer for the benefit of the vast majority whose modest wish is only not to be slovenly.

That these aspirations are Utopian we know too well, but they partly explain the equanimity with which we can regard the battle over our clothes. There are some other departments of life in which the position of the consumers would be very different. If, for example, the trade of milliners and ladies' dressmakers should ever be subject to a similar convulsion to that now going on among the tailors, it is impossible to regard the results without serious alarm. A bridegroom may chuckle secretly over his enforced shabbiness, but no bride or bridesmaid could regard the catastrophe with indifference. As women are beginning to learn the secret of combination as well as men, we may possibly some day witness the catastrophe suggested. The discontent produced would probably play into the hands of Mr. Mill and his friends, as any great social convulsion is apt to have a political echo, and it would be felt that some strong measures should be taken to remedy such an intolerable grievance. On the other hand, there are perhaps some trades in which a strike is unfortunately impossible, because the persons interested know too well how easy we should find it to do without them. A few weeks' enforced abstinence from crutches may sometimes enable a man to walk alone. Thus, for example, we have seen many complaints of the insufficient pay of curates, whose rectors obtain their valuable services at a ridiculously cheap

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rate. We only wish that they would unanimously resolve to give up preaching until their salaries were raised. They might perhaps reply that they would not feel justified in bargaining for money at the price of abandoning a sacred duty. We cannot discuss that question of casuistry, although it does not appear why a man who is paid at all should not be paid properly. But if they only see their way to a strike consistently with their sense of duty, we think we can promise them the support of a grateful public so long as they will stick to their colours. Any pecuniary loss that they might incur in fighting the battle would, we feel sure, be amply made up by contributions from grateful congregations. In this way, as the disposition to strike develops itself, we shall have opportunities of learning by experience what are the commodities with which we can conveniently dispense. No human being can tell how many things he uses which are really superfluous. In Abyssinia a man may be very happy, according to Mr. Mansfield Parkyns's testimony, when his clothing is reduced to a pat of butter on his head to keep out the sun. It is probable that an agreement amongst the tailors may render it unnecessary to approximate to this costume in England; though a good deal might be done with a railway rug, or a blanket, in case of necessity. But it is some consolation to think that, if great injury is being done to trade and those who live by it, there is some collateral advantage to be gained; and that to such improvements as the extension of co-operation, or the introduction of machinery, we may add the temporary comfort of the public, and possibly its permanent emancipation from some prejudices.

THE TIMES ON EMPERORS.

THE Times has lately advanced a considerable step in historical knowledge. In its number of May 24th, in an article on the relations between Hungary and Austria, we find the following passage:—

Within the memory of living men, the occupant of the Throne now filled by Francis Joseph was the first Prince of the civilized world. Besides being Archduke of Austria and King of Hungary and Bohemia, he was Emperor of Germany, or, according to the style of those days, "The Emperor"—for, theoretically, there could be only one Emperor—invested with precedence, if not authority, over all other monarchs.

Now, for our own part, we would willingly have let the Emperor and the Empire sleep for a season. As far as we are concerned, the subject has lost all novelty, and those who are able to understand it have by this time had every chance of understanding. But things are changed when the great caterer for matters of general interest picks out a subject which we had begun to look upon as threadbare as one specially suited for public explanation. We think that in the *Times*' exposition of the Imperial theory we can discern somewhat of the fiery zeal of newly acquired knowledge. "Science is not science till revealed." We think we can see our instructor grasping for the first time the fact that theoretically there could be but one Emperor, and rushing in all haste to make known the discovery to a world still lying in darkness on so important a point. He might have been wiser if he had waited till he had found out that his one Emperor never was or could be "Emperor of Germany." He might have been luckier if he had the chance of explaining to his fellow-worker in the next column, that, of all people in the world, Louis Napoleon Buonaparte is the last who has any right to be spoken of as "the representative of Charlemagne." Still, in watching the progress of the *Times* towards historical accuracy, we are disposed to be thankful for very small mercies indeed. The doctrine that theoretically there could be but one Emperor may to some persons seem milk for babes, but then think what a gain it is to be able to feed our babes upon real milk and nothing worse. We will rather rejoice in what we have got, small as it is. We will give so promising a neophyte every kind of encouragement. We feel quite sure that the writer who had thus far accurately grasped the theory of the Empire is in no way answerable for the flourish about the "representative of Charlemagne." We feel no less sure that, having got thus far, he will soon get further, and that before long he will leave off talking about an Emperor of Germany. Before long the *Times*, we feel quite certain, will contain an article setting forth, with equal zeal and equal precision, the exact relations between the Roman Empire and the German Kingdom. If we should ourselves have any silent and unacknowledged share in bringing about so happy a result, we shall in no way repine, but most sincerely rejoice.

Meanwhile it may not be amiss to throw out a few hints to a student who is so evidently seeking knowledge with a single-minded purpose. To be sure some might say that it would have been better, even for so well disposed an inquirer, to have got on further in his learning before he began his teaching. But we are not clear that this is the right view of the case. Some famous generals have won victories from the very beginning of their war-like career. Others have learned the art of winning victories only by going through the discipline of a series of previous defeats. So some great orators have flashed upon the world at once, while others have learned to make good speeches only by being bold enough to go on for awhile making bad ones. There is a certain class of minds which attains to accuracy most surely in the end by first going through a pretty long career of blundering. And we think that we have observed that minds of this class seem, by some curious dispensation, to be very frequently enrolled on the staff of the *Times*. Of course we distinguish a blunderer of this sort from the blunderer pure and simple,

There is a wide interval between the confirmed and hopeless blunderer and the blunderer who is simply sowing his wild oats. In the latter we see some good thing, some ray of light amid the darkness, from the very first. So it is with our friend who has just begun to read and to write about Emperors. His ideas are very hazy, many of them very inaccurate, but we see in him the distinct glimmer of better things. He has, by an evidently honest effort, gained a piece of real knowledge, and he has hastened to share it with the rest of mankind. One who has made so good a beginning shall certainly not break down from any lack of encouragement on our part.

At the same time our promising scholar has still a good deal to learn. It is rather odd to say, "The Empire, however, was dissolved in the wars of the French Revolution, leaving the title alone surviving." The title did indeed in a certain sense survive, as, before the fall of the Empire, the rulers of France and Russia, as well as the ruler of Austria, had already begun to call themselves Emperors. What might be meant by an "Erbkaiser von Oesterreich" is a problem not to be solved by an ordinary understanding; but nothing is more certain than that Francis the Second called himself, for two years, at once "Erwähnter römischer Kaiser" and "Erbkaiser von Oesterreich," and that it was the dropping of the old and intelligible title which marked the fall of the Empire. The title of Emperor "survived" in Austria just as it may be said to have "survived" in France, Russia, Hayti, Mexico, anywhere else; but what our present scholar fails to see is that the "Empire" of Austria has just as little to do with the old Empire as the "Empire" of Mexico has. Of course the "Emperors" of Austria have simply lived by making people believe that the two things had something to do with one another. They have, for instance, deluded the writer in the *Times* into the belief that there is such a thing as an "Austrian Monarchy," and that such "Austrian Monarchy" has "existed for centuries." No one ever heard of an Austrian Monarchy till the present century. When, for a short time in the last century, there was a common sovereign of Hungary and Austria who had no Imperial rank, that sovereign was always spoken of by her highest title as the Queen of Hungary. No one then ever dreamed of an Austrian Monarchy or an Austrian Empire of which Hungary was part, any more than of an Hungarian Monarchy or Empire of which Austria was part. Men spoke of the dominions of the House of Austria, as they spoke of the dominions of the House of Bourbon; but they no more thought of an Emperor of Austria than they thought of an Emperor of Bourbon. It shows the force of a name that this notion of an Austrian Monarchy has arisen purely from the fact that the common sovereign of Hungary and Austria has thought fit to call himself Emperor of Austria. The trick has paid; it has taken in a great many people, and the writer in the *Times* among them. The "Empire" of Austria must be somewhere; it must be something bigger than the Archduchy of Austria; it must therefore take in the Kingdom of Hungary. The legal connexion between Hungary and Austria is very much the same as the connexion between Norway and Sweden. And most likely, if the King of Sweden and Norway were to call himself Emperor of Sweden, people would begin to believe that there was such a thing as a Swedish Empire, and that Norway was part of it.

We must not be understood as arguing for the separation of Hungary and Austria. Hungary, Austria, any or all of the States over which Francis Joseph of Lorraine is, or calls himself, King, Duke, or Count, have a perfect right to coalesce on any terms which they may think good. It is probably for their interest that they should coalesce, and that on terms of very close union. Only let it be understood that such coalition is the union of two independent States, like the union of England and Scotland—that such union is the free act of those States—that they unite simply because the circumstances of the nineteenth century make it expedient that they should unite, not because they are parts of an "Austrian Monarchy" which has "existed for centuries." Francis Joseph, Archduke of Austria, after ruling for eighteen years in Hungary simply as Tyrant, is ready to become legitimate King of Hungary, and the Hungarian people are willing to receive him as such. It is for them to determine whether, besides accepting the Austrian Archduke as their King, they will accept any closer connexion with the Archduchy and the other States connected with it. It may be wise in them to do so; but if they do so, they will do it simply because it is wise, not because they are in any way bound to do it. And if the King and Archduke chooses, like other people, to call himself Emperor, nobody but himself is damaged by his bearing a title which has lately been dragged through so much dirt. Only he must not ask anybody to believe that his title of Emperor gives him any authority anywhere beyond what is attached to his royal and ducal position in his various kingdoms and duchies.

The writer in the *Times* seems to have got some glimmering of this truth when he says:—

The truth seems to be that the several States of the Austrian Monarchy were anciently left in such substantial independence of each other, that when in modern times a fusion was attempted in accordance with modern theories, the instincts of nationality proved too strong for the work. So long as the Emperors of Germany were content with a mere combination of crowns upon a single head, things went smoothly enough; but when the Emperors of Austria began to wish for a new Empire to be compounded out of these Kingdoms and Principalities, the States rebelled against the proposal. The chief of these States was Hungary, and Hungary stubbornly refused to be anything but a distinct and independent Kingdom, under the sceptre, it might be, of an Austrian Prince, but no mere province of an Austrian Monarchy.

This would be all very well if it were not for this confusion about an "Emperor of Germany." It is more than merely using a wrong title. We are curious to know what the writer's notions of an Emperor of Germany are. For he goes on to say:—

The present situation of affairs, perhaps, may be best described by saying that the Crown of Hungary is henceforth to be to the Austrian House what the Crown of Germany was in earlier ages. The Emperor of Austria will be King of Hungary, with many possessions besides, and by this Kingdom the Monarchy will be anchored.

What analogy there can be between the Empire and the Kingdom of Hungary it quite passes our understanding to make out. The Empire was elective; successive Archdukes of Austria were elected to it, but they were always elected, and there was often at least talk of electing somebody else. The Kingdom of Hungary is now hereditary. The Kingdom of Hungary again is a substantial Kingdom, a real geographical area, having an extent on the map far larger than any other single Kingdom, Duchy, or County belonging to its King. But while the Empire carried with it boundless dignity, a feudal superiority over certain princes and commonwealths, the presidency of certain courts and assemblies, various rights and powers of granting dignities and the like, it carried with it no substantial territory whatever. It is hard to find two things more utterly unlike. And how "the Crown of Hungary can be to the Austrian House what the Crown of Germany was in the earliest ages" is quite beyond us. The "earliest ages" is a somewhat vague phrase; if it means the earliest ages of the German Kingdom, in those ages the House which afterwards became the Austrian House had as yet produced neither Emperors, Kings, nor Dukes, but had as yet not got beyond its counties of Habsburg and Lenzburg. We can see no likeness in the relations between the Crown of Hungary and its own possessor and the relations between the Crown of Germany and one of its smallest vassals.

Still, with all this, our present instructor gives us good hope for the future. His colleague in the next column is one of the incorrigible sort. We had thought that Charles the Great had been, by a sort of tacit consent, put to bed; that he was to be no more used as a figure of speech, but to be left to those who had to deal with him as a matter of sober history. But now he turns up again in the most grotesque of all circumstances. Not only is Louis Napoleon Buonaparte declared to be his representative, but it is Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, not as protector of the Pope, in which character some very vague and shadowy likeness may be discerned, but Louis Napoleon Buonaparte in his character of master and arch-showman of Paris. It is not easy to see how a ruler of France alarmed at the threatening spectacle of a regenerate Germany, can be the representative of a German prince who held Gaul and Italy as portions of his Empire. But when Paris is brought in, the thing becomes more ludicrous still. It is a sort of *differencia* of Charles and his dynasty that Paris was the place in their dominions with which they had least to do. Under the Merovingians Paris had been one royal city out of four, the peer of Metz, Soissons, and Orleans. Under its own Capetian Dukes and Kings, Paris gradually rose to its present position. But Charles went there once only in the course of a long tour, when it is casually mentioned along with Rouen and Tours. If the King of Prussia were to receive the potentates of the earth at Aachen or Paderborn, a very energetic penny-a-liner might be justified in hailing him as the representative of Charles. But how the master of the Paris Exhibition is in any sense his representative, we must leave to stronger heads than ours to find out.

SETTLING-DAY.

ONE of the most difficult things to understand in the social history of the Roman Empire is the extraordinary discord which arose from the factions of the Circus. We ask ourselves what possible combination of motives could induce a rational creature to stake his peace of mind, and sometimes his property, his position in the world, and his life itself, upon the triumph of a green or a blue chariot. The whole proceeding strikes the modern mind as being absolutely wanton and infatuated. Then, again, we wonder at the fools who fight blindly with blind Fortune at the gambling-tables of Baden or Homburg. How, we again ask, can anybody with "large discourse of reason, looking before and after," allow himself to embrace ruin and clasp her to his bosom with such wilful deliberateness? Surely the reflections kindled in the mind of any sensible observer on the settling-day after a great race may well run in the same channel. If a Roman or a Byzantine was a fool or worse for being a Green or a Blue, and if a Russian is a fool or worse who ruins himself at roulette and rouge-et-noir, what is an Englishman who goes in for betting on horse-races? It may be said, and sometimes is said, that the difference between rouge-et-noir and a horse-race is that in the former there is positively not an atom of room for exercise of judgment. The wisest man and the biggest fool are exactly alike in the presence of sheer Chance, and one is just as likely to come as well out of the encounter as the other. But about horses, their endurance, their speed, their pluck, you can form an opinion if you know enough about them. It is true, indeed, that the capacity of a horse, unlike the turn-up of a card, is knowable and predictable, if you get the man with capacity to know and predict. Theoretically, this is undeniable; but, as it happens, this is an uncommonly evil season at which to propound the theory. The wisest turfites are just now not reluctant for once to imitate Socrates, and to declare that they

know nothing. For the moment they are unspeakably foolish as turfites, but unspeakably wise as mortals. They would admit that a shrine devoted to Chance might well be set up on the heath at Epsom, and that a colossal statue of the great goddess should tower over the Grand Stand. Or it would be even more appropriate to rear a gigantic model of the stony-eyed Sphinx, whose riddle men had to answer under pain of being devoured incontinently, just as men who bet are devoured on the settling-day, and no more seen or heard of among their fellow-men. Or it might not be a bad idea to construct an imitation of the Car of Juggernaut, under whose wheels, drawn by Derby and Oaks favourites, betting men might gracefully cast themselves once a year. We suspect that the physical pain would not be much less than, if one might judge by their faces, a good many men underwent last week when they first saw who had won the Derby, and then who had won the Oaks. There would perhaps be a little less excitement about the Car of Juggernaut, because there would be a little more certainty that you would lose at least a limb. Still the certainty is just as great in the long run about betting. The best thing that can happen to you in this extraordinary pursuit is that you may luckily leave off where you began. Even then it is unpleasant to think how much you might have made in the same time in some other line of business.

It is well worth remembering that stones are often thrown at turfites by men who live in glass-houses of their own. A City merchant will expatriate after dinner, with much eloquence of the mercantile order, upon the folly and wickedness of trying to make a great quantity of money by trusting to the mere chance of a horse's legs, instead of making a certainty of the same happy result by perseverance, industry, steadiness, and so forth. The Good Apprentice looks upon the opulent oracle with profound veneration and trust, which might possibly be shaken if he knew that the merchant who declaimed against speculation in one order was the most reckless of speculators in another order. Yet this may very well be the case. The oracle may be guilty in his own way of the same folly and wickedness which he takes so much honest pleasure in denouncing when they are exhibited in other people's ways. He stakes all on the risk, not of a horse's legs it is true, but of grey shirtings, or molasses, or Brazilian mines, or railway stock. The betting-man and the City speculator are of the same type, only the latter has an artificial kind of reputation which does not belong to the other; just as to mortgage an estate and to pawn a watch are actions of the same type, although one is held to be perfectly respectable, while the other is thought extremely shameful. Yet betting is in truth much less pernicious than a good deal of City speculation, for the man who ruins himself because he trusts in the wrong set of legs or the wrong stable generally brings nobody else down in his fall except his own immediate family, while the City speculator, if he be a man of sufficient vigour and energy of character, and sufficient power of imagination, is pretty sure to bring down ever so many other firms and individuals along with himself. One of the advantages which the gambler on the Turf has over the gambler on the Exchange is that he learns with promptitude and precision the amount of the mischief which his ill-luck has brought him. In this respect, indeed, the fool who bets has an advantage over fools of most other kinds. There is no delay, and there is no vagueness. He can measure to a nicety, can compute to a farthing, the sum in which he has been mulcted, and he knows to an hour when it will have to be paid. If the same conditions could be secured in the general business of life, it is impossible to calculate the probable improvement which would take place in large departments of human conduct. It is the interval that elapses between the act of folly and its penalty which hides from the fool the connexion between the two. If he could see the penalty right in front of him and quite close at hand, he would be very much more chary than he usually is. In consequence of the distance between folly and its price he naturally fancies that it has cost him nothing, or at least nothing to speak of, and hence he is not unwilling to purchase fresh momentary pleasure at the same apparently low rate. The folly of betting is one of those absurdities which preclude this extremely mistaken conception of things. Retribution in this case assumes the impressive form of ready money. It is to this that we should be inclined to attribute the comparative fewness of the men who bet habitually and regularly all the year round. If everybody could bet, and pay his losings at his leisure, it is certain that the postponement of the penalty would increase the proneness to the offence. For everybody has a natural tendency to appeal from the rigidity of the usual conditions of success in the world to the graceful ease of Luck and Chance. Even a sober man would make a rush after Luck, if he allowed himself to think long enough on the prizes which she might lay at his feet if he only caught her in the right mood and at the right turn of her humour. If I had happened to back Hermit or Hippia, he reflects, I should have made so many thousands of pounds without the loss of a penny. If he nurses this reflection long enough, he will as certainly turn giddy and lose his head, as if he were to look long enough and steadily enough over the edge of a precipice. Steady Work and Thrift look a gloomy pair of damsels to be one's companions, compared with the illimitable gaiety and splendour of Chance. The difference between a sober man and a giddy man is that the latter only sees the brightness of Chance, while the former takes in all her secret squalor and wretchedness as well. Anything which brings out the latter into greater prominence is wholesome and desirable, and in this way the rumours of

disaster produced by the discomfiture of the favourites of the Ring may exercise as good an influence as Hogarth's picture of the fate of the Idle Apprentice who played at pitch and toss on the tombstones instead of listening to the parson in the church. The dazzling thought of winning hundreds or thousands of pounds in two minutes without an effort of your own is stripped of its glitter with painful rapidity when you reflect that peers and well-to-do commoners have beggared themselves in those very two minutes, and with the same dazzling speed and effortless simplicity. The worst of severe sensational lessons is that they do not endure. Their moral is writ in water. Directly after the first thrill of awe with which the warning is received, one's understanding sets to work to examine the circumstances, and the result of the investigation is to leave one's usual way of thinking tolerably near where it was before. We soon find out, or think we find out, that the circumstances which have made the lesson against betting singularly striking this year are singularly exceptional. Besides, there is one grand conviction which is sure sooner or later to find its way into the dullest mind, and this is, that what one person has lost somebody else must clearly have won. Betting may be a bad thing, because it has ruined A and B. But then from this point of view it may also appear to be an immensely good thing, because, though A and B have lost enormously, C and D have won enormously. Whatever has come out of the pockets of the one has found its way into the pockets of the other. And as the whole affair is an adventure and a chance, there is no more reason why you and I, if we bet, should lose with A and B, than there is why we should win with C and D. The one is not less probable, nor more probable, than the other. As this thought comes into a man's head, it quickly expels the solemnity and sobriety which had been inspired by the rumours of ruin and inveterate bad luck. So that, like most other awful warnings and impressive moral lessons, this too cuts both ways, and, with a person of logical intellect, will furnish an argument for folly or vice not a whit less really weighty than for wisdom and virtue. A man who moderates his propensity for betting because one or two leaders of the Turf have lost a fortune apiece will, when he comes to think coolly over it, give looser rein to his propensity than ever, because he will see that, by the same process by which one turfite loses, another turfite immediately gains a fortune. If a man does not resist the temptation to bet from any sounder reasons, he will not be converted though fifty real noblemen were to ruin themselves in this ignoblest and silliest of ways.

The fundamental fact that betting implies a mode of looking at things above and beyond reason at once robs reasoning of all its weight in such a connexion. Nothing would be more interesting to the student of human nature and character, were they accessible, than the habits of thought of a devout worshipper of Chance. With some men these habits are entirely acquired, but others are born and incorrigible gamblers, whether on the green heath or at the green table or on the Exchange, and their life is a predestined chase after the skirts of Luck. In either case, whether a man is a born and foredoomed gambler, or only a gambler by accident and force of circumstances, his way of viewing the arrangement of external facts must present a very strange inversion of the aspect which they have for the rest of us who follow after sober certainties. There must be what to most persons would appear a hideous gap between the end which he desires and the means by which he hopes to reach it. Ordinary men gradually fill up this gap, or bridge it over in some intelligible way. The speculator prefers, instead of this, to hope that some divinity, strong and winged, will carry him swiftly and safely over to the other side. This must give a perfectly strange twist and cast to all that he does. In ordinary business we take care to have at least all the greater and more important conditions of the desired end more or less within our own control. But in betting on horses, and in all other forms of speculation, the most important conditions of all are precisely those over which we have least control, or rather, over which we have no control whatever. The horse's legs and wind and pluck, and his jockey's skill and cleverness, are matters which no industry or perseverance in the outside man who speculates in them can in the least degree affect. The result of this must be that a certain belief in Fate and Destiny replaces in the speculative mind the more customary belief in the virtue of personal endeavour. This alone must change the aspect of the universe to a betting-man in a very extraordinary manner—much more extraordinary, indeed, than salutary. Still his character, however objectionable in the eyes of the moralist, is full of interest psychologically.

MR. COLE AND THE PARIS JURORS.

THESE are, it has often been observed, the days of rehabilitation. The word is as novel as the process. But there can be no question of the tendency to say the best possible, and sometimes impossible, of those historical characters which have, by common consent, been marked with charcoal. Partly the love of paradox and partly the popularity of the Carlylese philosophy, and a vulgar imitation of Mr. Thackeray's playful cynicism, may account for it. As we are all rogues together, we cannot afford to cast stones at our fellow-rogues. But the fact remains that, from the Devil downwards, there are few evil notables who do not find an advocate. Tiberius and Pilate, Judas Iscariot, and Henry VIII., and Old Fritz have

each had a good word; and if a young author wants a subject there is hardly anybody but Louis XI. and Heliogabalus left for an *éloge*. In such gushing days it would be strange if the lesser men who happen to be unpopular did not find it easy work to get testimonials. There is no disposer of patronage who cannot grow a tail. We are not therefore at all surprised that Mr. Cole C.B. has found a long string of friends, of one sort or other, to come forward to testify to his merits and success in a particular branch of that multifarious activity which he so diligently cultivates. Jurors and associate-jurors of the Paris Exhibition are likely enough to think well of the Paris Exhibition, or they would not have connected themselves with it. But they are hardly independent witnesses. They are not fitted to appreciate the exact matter in dispute. The objection, first, is that Great Exhibitions generally are not only a bore, but a sham and a delusion. Further, that they are exceedingly costly, and that the game is not worth the candle. And, more specifically, that at this particular Paris Exhibition the vices of the genus have culminated; that this country in particular has been egregiously victimized, and that by the superior skill in financing exhibited by our sharp Gallie neighbours, we in England have been what is vulgarly called done. We are sore about that 100,000*l.*, or it may be that 150,000*l.*, which we have been called, or shall be called, upon to pay upon the unpleasant and irritating assurance that we can't help ourselves, and that somehow or other we drifted into a blind sort of bargain—only one can hardly talk of a bargain to which there were not two parties—and that we cannot, in honour and in courtesy to our Imperial ally, scramble out of it. We feel, moreover, that there are troops of juries and jurymen whose expenses are very costly, and whose services are only infinitesimal; and some of us entertain a lurking suspicion that juries have been struck, clerks and officials employed, and competitions and what they call "exhibits" organized, for the mere sake of giving a holiday, if not a job, to those favoured with the confidence and patronage of "the Department." And then there is a suspicion or feeling that as we have salaried an "Executive Commissioner"—or, as Mr. Cole describes himself, "the officer entrusted with the chief executive functions in Paris"—this officer is more or less responsible for what are, it is acknowledged, legitimate grounds of complaint. We have complained, for example, of the regatta on the Seine, of the "exhibits" of blue-books and of newspapers and the occasional publications of the year; and we have more than complained of the folly of classifying and reporting upon them, and of paying for the services of the classifiers and reporters.

This is the gist of the popular charge against the management of the British Department of the Paris Exhibition. And to this charge it is very wide of the mark to produce the consentient testimony of the jurors, and of those who gain by Mr. Cole's administration. The jurors and reporters are substantially the Executive; and the whole thing is only Mr. Cole testimonializing himself. It were indeed strange if the jurors did not speak well of the bridge which has taken them to Paris, enabled them to see the great Fair gratis, and made very great men of them for a brief space. Nor does the testimonial to Mr. Cole seem to be quite trustworthy. Mr. Seymour Haden, a very distinguished juror indeed, writes to the *Times* to say that "the publication of his name is a mistake"—whatever that word may mean—and pointedly, if not indignantly, declines to be supposed to have confidence in Mr. Cole or the department which he administers. For, after all, what do the jurors testify? It is to Mr. Cole's energy in organizing the details of the stalls, counters, and compartments. This is praise which we by no means wish to deny him. This is his line. He is active, indefatigable, and full of work and fuss. No doubt he is an admirable person in his way, and according to his capacities and lights. That he can see that a shop front is neatly dressed, or on a pinch dress it himself, we can quite believe. But what we always found fault with is that Mr. Cole C.B. will not be content with those useful, but somewhat humble, capacities with which nature and education have entrusted and adorned him, but will be always diverging into duties which are not his, and tasks for which he has no qualifications. What we complain of is not that he is not active, but that he is over active. It is not that he cannot do his own work, but that he will meddle with work which is not his. It is not that he does not serve the Department diligently, but that he is the Department and much more. It is that he gets up Committees of Reference and Advice, and never summons them to meet or takes their advice, and then acts in their name. It is that he engages in such a portentous and absurd job as that very remarkable Catalogue of Art Books, and does it under the fiction of colleagues and experts who have no existence. We repeat, therefore, that all that the testimonial to Mr. Cole's activity in Paris amounts to is an expression of great satisfaction on the part of those who have profited by this activity, and who are in point of fact sharers and accomplices in his responsibilities. Well or ill as Mr. Cole's services at Paris may have been discharged, the opinion of those who have signed his *testamur* is not to the point.

And it is as well that the real issue between the public and the South Kensington Department, which is only a sonorous name for Mr. Cole C.B., should be perfectly understood. For, as we have repeatedly urged, there is no limit to the activity of that Department. The Great Central Hall of Arts and Sciences, of which the Queen laid the first stone last week, is only one form of the Department. It is a link in the great chain which is to bind

together all that is worth seeing of art pictures and galleries in London in an inaccessible spot two miles out of town, and administered by Mr. Cole. Formally, the Central Hall is a testimonial—the last, it is said, but the last of a series of some hundreds—which is to enshrine and commemorate the virtues of the Prince Consort. Legally, it is only a joint-stock Company to which very many great people have been induced by motives of one sort or another to subscribe. Practically, it is under the control of a Provisional Committee in which we recognise the too familiar names—and they are the only working men—of Mr. Edgar Bowring, Mr. Henry Cole, and Mr. Henry Thring. This Provisional Committee pledged themselves not to commence the undertaking till the public had subscribed £150,000. towards the scheme, and that such subscription should be completed before the 1st of May, 1867. Upon this condition was contingent the grant of £50,000. to be made by the Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851 out of the profits realized in Hyde Park. On the 1st of May, 1867, of this £150,000. to be subscribed by the public only some £14,000. was even promised. But the Provisional Committee were not deterred. They came to an arrangement with the builders, Messrs. Lucas—there was, we believe, no competition offered or tenders asked for the contract for the structure itself. And this arrangement was, that Messrs. Lucas took shares to the amount of the difference between the £14,000. promised by the public and that £150,000. on the *bona fide* guarantee of which the Commissioners of 1851 were to make their grant. The upshot therefore is that the shareholders commence their undertaking with a debt of £6,000.; with a contract with speculative builders whose patriotism we are called upon to admire, of no one knows what amount; and therefore with pecuniary responsibilities which they will perhaps one day understand in the shape of an unartistic and unscientific call as contributors. It is only the old story of limited liability. The thing looks very like a pecuniary job, but the moral and aesthetic purpose of this structure is South Kensington and Cole all over. What the Central Hall of Arts and Sciences is we profess ourselves totally unable to understand. It is a mystery of mysteries. At first it looks like, and from what we have said it is plain that it is, a joint-stock Company, in which all manner of notables have been got to invest, because they felt that one whom they loved would be glad to have it so. And so it hardly reaches higher than a mere bubble, such as those which collapsed last year, cleverly financed by a vast subsidy from the profits of the Exhibition of 1851, and somehow to be constructed by Messrs. Lucas—much as Sir Morton Peto made advances on the London and Chatham Railway—because it is hoped by the promoters that “in a pecuniary point of view it will prove a remunerative investment.” But this vulgar estimate is at once extinguished when we are told that it is intended for “Congresses both national and international, for purposes of science and art.” This is conclusive at least of our total incapacity to understand the thing, for we have no more notion what an International Congress for purposes of art means than we have of the climate of Uranus. If we can extract anything from the chaotic confusion of guesses under which the brain labours in thinking out the objects of this £200,000. job for the benefit of the West-end, we must say that it suggests an attempt to combine Exeter Hall, Cremorne, the Alhambra, the theatre of the Royal Institution, the Crystal Palace at a Foresters’ Festival, the Cattle Show, the British Institution, Weston’s Music Hall, and the Great Vance, all in one, under the pretence of being a philosophical *phrontisterion*. We hear of great organs and monster kitchens, an auditorium, or spectatorium, capable of holding 8,000 people, and intended *conversations* of the Royal Society. We hear it all and there leave it; and those who live longest will see what will come of it, and who will have to pay for it. But we are cynical enough not to forget that the Sydenham “Palace” was founded in the interests of the very highest science and art, and that we have lived to see it most popular when dedicated to the ennobling exhibition of posture-masters and dancing dogs—and at the same time a dead loss to the shareholders.

THE PROPOSED ADDRESS TO THE POPE.

IT is not often that anything in the shape of a public demonstration emanates from the Roman Catholic laity. Like the Sultan who ordered the Alexandrian Library to be burnt because all the books that contradicted the Koran were blasphemous and all that agreed with it were superfluous, they or their leaders generally seem to assume that, if their opinions are in accordance with those of the hierarchy, it would be an impertinence to say so; and if they differ, which is almost too scandalous an alternative to be contemplated, it would be something a good deal worse. Twice, however, in the course of the last few weeks manifestoes have appeared in the newspapers, the first of which was signed by all the Roman Catholic peers and members of Parliament, and most of the influential laity of their communion; the second is in course of signature now. But there is a wide difference between the two documents, both in composition and purpose, corresponding to the diversity of the two rival parties which divide the Roman Church. The former, which originated with Mr. Monseigneur (and which Mr. Ward, the editor of the *Dublin Review*, refused to sign), was evidently a genuine expression of lay feeling, designed to assure Dr. Newman of the sym-

pathy and respect of the great body of his co-religionists in England, in view of a violent attack made on him by some nameless hanger-on of the Ultramontane party at Rome, whose slipshod English and rhapsodical championship of orthodoxy, which combined the logic of a schoolgirl with the manners of a potboiler, derived a certain adventitious importance from his being known to represent more influential personages in the background. The document we have before us at this moment is offered for signature to the Roman Catholic public under the respectable guarantee of the names of Lord Herries, Lord Petre, and Mr. Charles Langdale. But a very slight inspection will be enough to convince any one at all acquainted with such matters that no layman composed it, and may perhaps suggest to some readers a shrewd suspicion as to its real parentage. It is professedly an address of congratulation to the Pope on the eighteenth centenary of the martyrdom of St. Peter, to be celebrated at Rome on the ensuing 29th of June. It is really a device for entrapping the Roman Catholic laity into a declaration of belief in his infallibility and autocratic power. “We need hardly say that nothing could be more natural than for Roman Catholics, in this country or elsewhere, to seize the opportunity of the approaching festival to offer an address of sympathy to the Head of their Church, nor would it have been any concern of ours to comment on so innocent an act of courtesy or respect. But the matter is wholly changed when the astute ecclesiastic who appears to have had the framing of the document has contrived, with such unscrupulous adroitness as we shall indicate presently, to make political capital for his party out of an occasion of ordinary compliment. Even the *Tablet*, which is the most honest and outspoken of the Roman Catholic organs, is obliged to criticize the address in a tone of scarcely disguised annoyance, and only hopes it may be signed as a *pis aller*, rather than that there should be no address at all. But it cannot be subscribed, except in a highly “non-natural sense,” by any but the extremest Ultramontane; and, as it may not be too late to remind our Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen, who have no doubt in this case been more sinned against than sinning, to what they are asked to commit themselves, we do not think it out of place to bestow a few words on this singular composition, which is quite a literary curiosity in its way.

The first two paragraphs of the address, which are drawn up in that peculiar style of unctuous grandiloquence familiar to the writers and readers of Encyclicals and Pastoralis, call for no special remark, except that they are pretty strong evidence as to the authorship. The curious infelicity of the next two, had they stood alone, would certainly have suggested an Hibernian origin. It is not usual, in a complimentary address, to blow your own trumpet with all your strength of lung; but “Shure your reverence, and its me as is the finest fellow that ever stepped,” is the plain English—we mean the plain Irish—of the following sonorous rhetoric, which we do not for a moment do the three excellent persons whose names are attached to the circular injustice to suppose they wrote, or would have written, themselves. “In our clergy, Secular and Regular,” so his “faithful children” are made to inform the Pope, “are the representatives of the martyrs who in chains and death remained faithful to the Holy See.” The particular “representative” who penned the sentence was probably quite aware that, if he had cared to be accurate, the concluding words should have run, “who remained faithful to the depositing power.” Not one of the “martyrs” hung and disembowelled by Elizabeth but was executed for a political doctrine, conscientiously held no doubt, but which a Government to whose existence it was a standing menace could hardly in those days be expected to tolerate. So much for the clergy. The address proceeds:—“In our ancient families are the successors of those who risked the loss of all earthly possessions for the sake of their attachment to the same centre of unity”—a piece of pious braggadocio which the members of those “ancient families” have assuredly too much of the feelings of English gentlemen ever to have perpetrated for themselves. But the pith of the whole thing lies in the next two paragraphs, and to these we must direct the particular attention of our readers. The fifth professes to define “the prerogatives declared by the great Council of Florence” to belong to the Pope as follows:—“That the Roman Pontiff holds the primacy over all the world, and that he is successor to St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, and true Vicar of Christ, Head of the whole Church, Father and Teacher of all Christians, and that to him, in the person of the blessed Peter, the plenary power of feeding, ruling, and governing the Universal Church was delivered by our Lord Jesus Christ.” There the quotation ends. We might perhaps question some points of the translation, and we certainly might remind those who are responsible for it that the only official copy of the document which has been verified omits the most distinctive words. But that is a trifle compared to the deliberate fraud which has been perpetrated by quoting the decree with the omission of its final clause, on which the meaning of the whole depends. We fully and at once acquit the lay propounders of the address of any complicity in the trick that has been played upon them. Laymen, whether Catholic or Protestant, are not usually learned in the history of canons and councils, though in this case such well-known works as Gibbon’s *Decline and Fall*, or Milman’s *Latin Christianity*, might have in some measure enlightened them. But it is more than improbable that the compiler of the document should have been ignorant of the clause which he has so dexterously suppressed for the purpose

of basing on his mutilated version the most crucial passage of the whole address. The prerogatives assigned to the Pope in the Florentine decree, whatever they may be, are strictly guarded and limited by the saving clause, which is here omitted—"according to the manner determined in the acts of the ecumenical synods and in the holy canons"; and then follow words renewing the prescriptive rights of "the rest of the venerable patriarchs." And so far is this clause from being mere surplusage, that it formed the subject of long and acrimonious discussion between the Greeks and Latins at the Council, the former insisting on its insertion, the latter leaving no stone unturned to get a different formula of their own, based on the forged Decretals, substituted for it. The whole history may be read in the second volume of Mr. Froukes' *Christendom's Divisions*. Those who know anything of it, and of the controversy which has raged for centuries between two parties in the Roman Catholic Church on the relative powers of the Pope and the Episcopate, will be able to appreciate the tact and the honesty which prompted this barefaced mutilation of the decree quoted, with the view of jockeying the subscribers of the address into a public assertion of the very principle which the suppressed passage was expressly inserted to exclude. The sixth paragraph of the address, for the sake of which all the rest was obviously written, runs thus:—"To you, therefore, as the Teacher of all the faithful, we conform our hearts, minds, and wills, with filial submission and glad fidelity [our readers will please to remember that the Pope, and not the Deity, is being addressed], knowing that *whatsoever you teach is true, whatsoever you condemn is error*." In other words, the Pope is absolutely irresponsible, infallible, and supreme. We have never ourselves attached much weight to the reports circulated from time to time by some of our contemporaries of a design to metamorphose the assemblage of bishops, who are to be the Pope's guests during the approaching solemnity, by some spiritual legerdemain into a General Council for the purpose of extorting a declaration of Papal infallibility, and thus superseding the troublesome intervention of any more Councils for the future. There are probably some persons, even in the Roman Court, with common sense and influence enough to avert a blunder which would cover its promoters with ridicule, and inevitably produce a schism. But if such an idea should be ventilated, it would of course be very gratifying to Archbishop Manning to be able to direct His Holiness to the *litera scripta* of their own address in evidence of the readiness of his "faithful children" in England to accept so salutary an addition to their ancestral creed.

The earlier part of the address leads up to this sixth paragraph in which it culminates, and everything after that is tame in comparison. There is a long rigmarole on the temporal power, which reads very like an extract from one of Dr. Manning's sermons, and involves those who sign it in the startling indiscretion of asserting the Pope's civil sovereignty to be "altogether necessary"—an assertion which, in the absence of some exceedingly unlikely miracle, they may ere long see cause to repent. But whatever they may think it courteous or appropriate under present circumstances to say about the temporal power, it may be hoped, for their own credit, not to say for the credit of our common country—perhaps they will allow us to add, our common Christianity—that they will not let themselves be entrapped into a profession of principles which their Roman Catholic ancestors never heard of except to repudiate, and which are now commended to their acceptance by an impudent perversion of the language of one of those ecumenical synods which they have always been accustomed, and here profess, to hold in the highest reverence. It is an instructive, though by no means inexplicable, circumstance that Ultramontane divines seem never to be able to meddle with history except to manipulate or to denounce it. In the present instance they have invoked its authority very much in the fashion of the atheist who quoted Scripture to prove, by the testimony of the psalmist, that "there is no God."

THE REFORM MEETING AT ST. JAMES'S HALL.

IT is one of the peculiar advantages of having a Tory Government that it gives a considerable impulse to public meetings and popular clamour. Whether it be that the British populace is slow in acquiring new ideas, and loves the traditions of its youth, when it was taught to regard Toryism and its leaders with peculiar disfavour, or whether it be that it finds a Tory Government peculiarly sensitive and submissive to popular demonstrations, may be doubtful. Certain it is that the ten months of a Tory Administration have seen more gatherings for the purposes both of demonstrating and remonstrating than would be seen in five years of a Whig Government. If these are held to mark a dislike of Tory tyranny, it must be said that they evince a strong attachment to preconceived notions. For the tyranny which does nothing to prevent them must be of a very mild character indeed, and utterly unlike its prototype of the Sidmouth and Castlereagh stamp. The alternative suggestion is more probable, that it is not so much for the purpose of confronting Tory despotism as of cowing Tory weakness, that meetings multiply and their leaders spout. And no wonder. Never has a populace of average moderation received so many provocatives to assemble and make a noise as that of London has received since Lord Derby's Administration came in. It has found out that, whenever it wants to get anything, it has nothing to do but make a row about it; the thing is given at once. It was told that it was not to go into the parks;

it forthwith fretted and fumed, bullied and threatened; finally, it out-blustered the Government, had its own way, and assembled in Hyde Park. It then began to show its teeth about Reform, to denounce all the pretty checks and balances which had been devised by Conservative ingenuity, and to threaten mysterious consequences if it did not have its own way here. Again it got what it wanted. Well may the Reform League utter its boast—"The result of our labours is evident to all the world in the present position of the House of Commons. The Tories are out-bidding the Whigs in the extension of the franchise. Whence this vast change since last year? We answer, it is the legitimate fruit of our agitation."

Indeed the success of the Reformers has been so great that it almost deprives them of an excuse for assembling. The consciousness that this is a supererogatory performance pervaded the speeches delivered by the Reform Unionists last Saturday in St. James's Hall. They had a task to perform compared with which that of making bricks without straw would have been light. They had to keep up a vigorous tone of indignation without a grievance. They had to declaim without any material for their declamation. It was a pity that they had not a good strong case of downright oppression, for evidently the minds of the audience were wound up to the highest pitch of democratic sympathy. As it was, they had nothing to do except to applaud vehemently and cry out "Bravo!" whenever a name was mentioned that could in any way appeal to their sensibilities. As far as any furtherance of Reform went, they might as well have been at the Horse Show as in St. James's Hall. The only real good they did was to contribute to the revenues of that unhappy institution, the original shareholders in which have never received a farthing's worth of dividend. The Chairman, Mr. S. Morley, was obliged to try a flight of fancy, and imagine certain tricks by which Mr. Disraeli was to impose on the Reformers. This served as a peg whereon to hang certain admonitions to vigilance on the part of the Reformers, which were of course received with cheers; and an allusion to "that distinguished man the member for Birmingham," which provoked more cheers. Then Mr. Gilpin elicited cheers and laughter by a palpable hit at the piteous plight of the Tories ordered to support a Bill which was redolent of Mr. Bright. Then, when other topics failed, there was the name of that champion of Reform, "William Ewart Gladstone," which was worth several rounds of applause to more than one of the orators of the evening. When these and other subjects were exhausted, there were always Mr. Disraeli's "dodgings" to hark back to. But good as the joke is of Tories carrying a Radical Reform Bill, and potent as is the name of William Ewart Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli, men can't go on for four mortal hours thrumming on these three strings. Fortunately for the audience, Mr. Mill struck a new key by touching on the doom of the condemned Fenians. This was just the thing wanted to furnish due excitement to a crowd which was not going to sit within four walls on a Saturday evening for nothing. As the general purpose of the gathering was to bully the Government, any proposal which tended to that object was sure of a favourable reception. If it had been proposed to crown the felons instead of remitting their sentence, the meeting would probably have supported the proposal. Not one in ten of them perhaps had ever cared to inquire what was the purpose of the Fenian treason, what ends it was intended to compass, and by what means. A civil war, attended with all the panic and confusion, with the stoppage of trade and the interruption of agriculture, which are incidental to such outbreaks—to say nothing of expense to the national treasury—this was nothing in the eyes of that grave and thoughtful body which had met to imbibe wisdom from Mr. Mill and eloquence from Mr. Gilpin. Poor Mr. Mill must have had his tolerance of popular assemblies sorely tried when his audience replied to his discriminative inquiries respecting the kind of punishment which the traitors deserved, by denying that they merited any punishment at all. Now the probability is that, of those who gave such an admirable illustration of their fitness to pronounce a political opinion, every other man at least would have refused to employ an Irishman in his service so long as he could find anybody else, and would have resented insolence or insubordination on the part of an Irishman more warmly than on the part of any one else. Yet simply because Irish traitors, who had attempted to inflict the greatest possible mischief on the country, had been legally and fairly condemned to death under a Tory Administration, these reforming sympathizers thought it their duty to spite the Government by clamouring for a reprieve. All the flummery that this episode introduced about the rights of rebels and the character of rebels was in harmony with the intelligence of the persons addressed. People who thought that attempts to convulse the Empire, and to set up an Irish Republic, and to destroy every existing institution in the sister kingdom, deserved no punishment at all, were likely enough to pass an off-hand judgment on the wrongs of Ireland and their remedies.

The absurdity of such an occurrence is striking enough. But absurdity is not the worst that can be predicated of it. There is an undoubted amount of mischief in the habits which these meetings create and foster. They bring into play a kind of power which hitherto has been rarely used in the political conflicts of this country. We have had, indeed, at long and distant intervals, and in times of stirring movement, gatherings of the masses of the people convened either under the impulse of some strong and general feeling, or of some special and exceptional infatuation. But we have not had a constant pressure brought to bear upon the

Government of the day by bodies of the people impelled by a sentiment partly of faction and partly of mischief, led by politicians who sought out of doors for the reputation and influence which they could not obtain in Parliament. We have not been used to demonstrations of numbers collected and arrayed in order to terrify the Ministry into an adoption of measures which it disliked; neither have we often had Ministries allowing themselves to be bullied by gatherings of mixed multitudes, or submitting to the dictation of platform orators. But now we have all these things. They are among the striking phenomena of our time. We have leagues and unions meeting within a mile of the Houses of Parliament to decide on the policy which Parliament ought to follow; we have the prerogative of the Crown, and the decision of the Cabinet, subordinated to the crotchetts of a number of men of whom only a very small proportion are qualified to pronounce any opinion at all on the matters at issue. Lastly, we have grave members of Parliament refurbishing their popularity by the assimilation of their opinions and the adaptation of their jokes to the tastes of their audience. That these things disparage both the Parliament and the Government is a great evil; but this does not measure all the evil done. We cannot but recollect what was that epoch of history when the Legislature of a great country lost all the power of self-control, and submitted to the dictation of irresponsible clubs and their unscrupulous leaders. And, though a literal repetition of such anarchy is as impossible as a recurrence of the enormities which disfigured it, still every sensible and patriotic man must view with uneasiness a state of things which resembles it in a degree, and which is traceable to a similar cause—namely, to the weakness, instability, and inconsistency of a Government which borrows its policy from its opponents, and justifies its plagiarism by pretensions to statesmanlike liberality.

Formerly we might have had ground for hoping that, as soon as the pretext for these assemblages ceased, they would cease also. Now there is no ground for this hope. As long as there are idle people who crave excitement, and vain people who are ambitious of display, and unscrupulous people who long for opportunities of mischief, so long will these Saturday night exhibitions continue. Topics will always be found. If no other subject for agitation presents itself, the periodical lists of prisoners condemned to death at the assizes will be sufficient to bring any number of people together. A pet criminal left for execution will do as well as anything else to justify a mass meeting. As we said before, the shareholders in St. James's Hall ought to benefit by the popularity of their building; and, if they are alive to their own interests, they will take care to turn the occasion to good account.

SEASIDE DRAINAGE.

A PUBLIC dinner given at a seaside town to celebrate the opening of a new sewer is not perhaps an event calculated to excite the imaginative faculty of the journalist who records it, and it is certainly an event of less intrinsic interest than the passing of the Reform Bill, or the meeting in Hyde Park, or "the Derby," or a Conference of the great European Powers. A procession to the mouth of a main drain would not be a very magnificent affair even if hack cabs had not been a predominating element in its constitution. A ceremonial consisting of the opening of a penstock, and the dashing of a bottle of wine into the dark waters which flow therefrom into the sea, can scarcely be presented in any attractive aspect, but nevertheless the completion of a scheme of drainage may have an influence upon the welfare of mankind equally potent with other achievements which the poet or historian would greatly prefer being called upon to commemorate. It would be useless to attempt to vie with the chroniclers of Sussex, in whose eyes the Local Board of a South Coast town has naturally and properly an importance of which it is difficult for strangers to form an adequate conception. But still the opening of what is called—in honour of a noble Duke who has principally contributed to its construction—the "Devonshire Outfall" at Eastbourne furnishes occasion for remarks which may possibly be useful upon subject of great practical importance—namely, the drainage of what are intended to be health-resorts upon the sea-coast.

The drainage of towns, whether inland or marine, is a difficult and disagreeable business. For some years indeed the sewage of inland towns was disposed of, with little trouble to the inhabitants, by transmitting it to their neighbours. Drains were carried, wherever practicable, into rivers, and those, again, into larger rivers falling into the sea. Thus sewage was passed on from town to town, to the great relief and comfort of the dwellers in the interior of England; but sewage which was created upon the coast could go no further; and of this truth the dwellers on the sea-shore had long been practically and painfully convinced. It is no doubt an easy thing to empty a sewer into the sea; and if we could continue to believe in the purity of waters which are thus augmented every day with the offscourings of the earth, all would be well. But even if the nose rejects the evidence of pollution which is afforded by air and sea, the eyes can hardly refuse, when the tide recedes, to recognise the existence of one or more iron pipes crossing the beach; nor can the mind altogether avoid contemplating the possibility that, if at low water one were to visit the mouths of these pipes, a dark fluid of offensive smell would be found issuing therefrom. The breeze which is wafted over those waves could hardly be considered pure; the waves themselves would scarcely be selected as an emblem of

cleanliness; nor could the sands over which those waves have flowed be pronounced to be absolutely immaculate. It is true that the practice now complained of may boast a venerable antiquity. The people washed themselves, says Homer, and cast their washings into the sea. It is to be remembered, however, that the Greeks did not go to the Troad to found a city, but to destroy one.

The difficulty which has been thus indicated can be dealt with only in two ways. The sewage may be carried out to sea, where there is a gradually shelving beach, by pipes laid down beyond low-water mark; or it may be carried along shore to some point so remote from the dwellings of men that no perceptible nuisance will be caused by discharging it into the sea. There is undoubtedly a third plan which has been much advocated of late years. One usually finds in the neighbourhood of a seaside town tracts of barren sand which a copious infusion of sewage might easily convert into fertile and profitable fields. But such experiments, however interesting to the philosopher or the economist, are not likely to prove attractive to families seeking health and pleasure by the seaside. There is, speaking generally, no plan suitable for the disposal of the sewage of a town aspiring to the character of a first-class watering-place, except that of constructing an outfall for its drainage at some point on the coast so far distant that neither tides nor currents can prevent its disappearing absolutely amid the mighty volume of ocean, and being no more seen or smelled by the community which desires to get rid of it. A plan of this character may be more or less expensive according to the configuration of the coast, but it can hardly fail to tax severely the resources of a town to which, nevertheless, the adoption of such a plan may be an essential condition of its prosperity. In the case of Eastbourne it was originally proposed to do the work cheaply and inefficiently, by constructing an outfall at less than a safe distance from the town. But under the advice of Mr. J. R. McClean, late President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, and by the assistance of the Duke of Devonshire, who is the principal landowner of the district intended to be drained, the outfall was placed at a more remote and eminently advantageous point; and thus the drainage of Eastbourne offers an example of excellence in design and execution well deserving of study and imitation by other seaside places which desire to compete with it for public favour. This work may be truly described as the first great effort that has been made to remove even the suspicion of the presence of sewage from waters in which visitors are invited to bathe, and upon the shore of which they are encouraged to lounge, flirt, read novels, smoke, and enjoy all the other pleasures of a seaside holiday. It may seem invidious to disparage the arrangements which have been made at other marine towns; but it is evident that, however far the pipes at right angles to a line of coast may carry sewage into the sea, still, if there is bay, the flood tide will bring it back upon the beach consecrated to bathing and other seaside amusements.

Eastbourne is built on the west shore of Pevensey Bay, about two miles north-east of Beachy Head, which is a chalk headland of the South Downs. In this bay the Normans landed, and the frequent martello towers show that the French were expected to try to land in the Revolutionary war. Within sight of the Head a naval battle was fought in which Tourville and Jean Bart claimed to have defeated an English fleet. About two miles to the north-east of Eastbourne there is another headland formed of shingle of unknown depth, called Langley Point, projecting into Pevensey Bay. From Beachy Head to Langley Point is nearly five miles. Eastbourne lies in a bay formed by these two points, and about a mile to the north-west of a line drawn between them. This bay forms the western part of Pevensey Bay, which is bounded by Beachy Head on the west, and by the high land about Hastings on the east. There is deep water close to Beachy Head and to Langley Point, and the velocity of the tidal stream at spring tides is two and a half knots per hour off Beachy Head. The rise of tide at Beachy Head is nearly four feet less than at Hastings, and high-water is half an hour later. At Beachy Head the tidal stream runs from low to high water in the same direction, nearly north-east, or towards Dungeness. The bay of Eastbourne is filled by water which flows past Beachy Head from the west, and not by the north-east tidal stream, although the tide is half an hour later than at Hastings, where the tidal stream comes from the north-east. The ebb tide from Langley Point begins to run an hour after high-water in a south-west direction to the tidal stream which passes Beachy Head; and this ebb tide never runs into the Bay of Eastbourne. There is always a strong current at Langley Point, and water poured into the sea at that point must flow out to the tidal stream which either has passed or is to pass Beachy Head, and such water can never come near Eastbourne. If the outfall, instead of being made at Langley Point, had been made in the bay nearer to Eastbourne, the sewage would have hung on the shore and got mixed with the flood tide. But the outfall being at the Point, the sewage cannot by any possibility be carried into the bay. During flood tide it will flow in a strong stream eastward; and during ebb tide, in a stream of equal strength south-west. Thus with the flood it is in advance of the tide that fills the bay; with the ebb it altogether flows outside the bay.

The carrying out of this design has occupied a little over two years. The outfall is constructed of iron pipes, supported on strong oak piles. At the fall of the beach there is a valve pit built, in which are valves constructed to allow the free egress of the sewage, and to prevent the ingress of the sea. From Langley

Point to the town, a distance of about three miles, the drain is 25 feet below the surface. This portion of the work presented extreme difficulty. Towards Langley Point the ground, if such a term can be applied to it, consists of nothing but loose shingle and water. It is called, very appropriately, "the Crumbleas." Every foot of this portion of the work had to be closely piled, and the water was pumped out at the rate of 10,000,000 of gallons per day. The Local Board of Health of Eastbourne, although admitting the necessity of the work proposed by Mr. McClean, would have been unable, from any resources at their command, to defray the cost of it. In this difficulty, however, they were assisted by the Duke of Devonshire, who proposed to finish it at his own expense. The total cost of the work is 35,000*l.*, of which the Duke of Devonshire has contributed 25,000*l.*

As no system of drainage, however perfectly constructed, can be efficient without a good supply of water, it is important to add that at Eastbourne the quality of the water is the best possible; the supply is constant, and the pressure is such that the highest houses may have water at the level of the roof, at all hours of the day or night. When the houses are connected with the new sewers there ought not to be in the place a cesspool, a cistern, or a well. The water ought at all times to flow direct from the reservoir or pumping-shaft, and, in every state of the tide, without interruption, through the sewers to the outfall. The geological formation of the district is favourable for obtaining a good supply of water. Beachy Head is a chalk hill, and any quantity of chalk water that is required may be taken from the Bedford Spring, adjoining the Eastbourne Waterworks. When Mr. McClean was consulted in reference to the water supply of Eastbourne, he first endeavoured, by means of a steam-engine, to pump the Bedford well dry. But after several days' work with an engine capable of pumping 500,000 gallons per day, the head of water could not be reduced more than a few feet. Having thus demonstrated that any quantity of chalk water might easily be obtained, Mr. McClean advised that quality should be considered, and that the water should be taken from the lower green sand adjacent to the well. A well was sunk forty feet through soft mud, then through the upper green sand and gault down to the lower green sand; and borings were made which yielded sufficient water to supply the place, and might be extended to supply it even if it became ten times as populous as it is. Engineers may differ about the economy of a constant supply of water under high-pressure, but the public ought to require it at any cost, and pay for it as an essential sanitary arrangement.

The example of Eastbourne can hardly fail to influence the great seaside towns on either side of it. The drainage of Brighton has been arranged upon the principle of carrying out a pipe into the sea to such a distance as would, in the opinion of the local authorities, ensure the mingling of the sewage with a volume of water sufficient to annihilate it. We are bound to assume that the local authorities believe in the efficacy of their own arrangement, but it would be difficult to discover any impartial person who believes in it. The plan now in operation was adopted in 1863, after another plan, which must necessarily have been more efficacious, had been rejected on account of its expense. It seems that the plan of further extension of outfall-pipe into the sea was recommended by Mr. Hawkesley. Another engineer, Mr. Rawlinson, proposed to construct an outfall near Shoreham; while Messrs. McClean and Wright proposed to construct one half a mile to the east of Rottingdean. There may have been some ground for objection to this plan on behalf of the people of Rottingdean; but for the people of Brighton it was a highly advantageous, although perhaps not a perfect, scheme. But the estimated cost of completing it was 30,000*l.* It might have been thought that a great and wealthy place like Brighton, depending as it does for its greatness and wealth upon its reputation for salubrity, would have cheerfully expended 30,000*l.* to place that reputation beyond cavil. But the Local Surveyor was employed to frame a scheme more harmonious with the penny-wise policy which the town adopted. Accordingly, Mr. Lockwood proceeded to report as to the best and least expensive means of preventing "the nuisance arising from the outfall near the Albion Hotel." If the files of Brighton newspapers of earlier date than 1863 could be examined, it is probable that one might find in them reports in which local surveyors demonstrated to the complete satisfaction of local authorities that the alleged nuisance did not exist. However, Mr. Lockwood admitted in 1863 that there was a smell. "It arises chiefly at the low water of spring tides with light winds from the south and south-west, and is never experienced at high water." The Report proceeded to establish an important principle. "Sewage mingled with sea-water without sufficient dilution, and allowed to become stagnant, is very offensive; but if kept in motion, and sufficiently diluted, it will be entirely dispersed and disappear." The Report described that interesting object "the existing iron pipe," of which, at spring tides, the mouth was entirely exposed, so that you might walk round it. The Report then entered into calculations in order to show that, by a prolongation of the outfall-pipe into the sea, "the dilution of the sewage, even at low water, would be such as to ensure its entire dispersion and disappearance." This Report was satisfactory to the authorities, although some critics viewed it as a proposal for throwing 7,000*l.* into the sea. Visitors to Brighton might, if they had been consulted, have preferred that the sewage should be carried four miles to the east, instead of one-third of a mile to the south. It is not encouraging to hear that light winds from the south and south-west are likely to bring

with them a smell of sewage. And it is particularly unfortunate that that smell arises chiefly at the low water of spring tides, because that is a time when children and young ladies like to wander on the beach and collect shells and seaweed. Indeed, if one is spending a holiday on some coast where the great sewage difficulty has not been felt, one enjoys a delicious sense of the purity of sand and rock over which every tide flows and ebbs. But at Brighton one has to keep in mind the proportion, as stated in the Surveyor's Report, between the quantity of sewage emitted from the pipe and the quantity of water which surrounds its mouth, and one has to argue with oneself that dilution and disappearance must have been accomplished. As regards enthusiastic young persons about to collect seaweed, we will not quote for their information from Reports, but will simply advise them to abstain.

Discussion on the same question has arisen at Hastings and St. Leonards, and those places have been for years open to the same reproach as Brighton, that they have not done what they ought to do, because they would not incur the necessary outlay. About two years ago, at a meeting of the Local Board of Health, a member expressed his hope that "another summer would not be permitted to pass without doing something to get rid of the abominable nuisance at the Priory culvert." It is unnecessary to add anything to this description of Hastings by a townsman. There is perhaps some encouragement in finding that Brighton admits "a smell," and Hastings confesses to "an abominable nuisance." But confession is of little value without amendment. At Brighton the effort at amendment has been feeble and ill-directed. The sewage is discharged into the bay, and it remains there. At Hastings and St. Leonards an effort at amendment is now proceeding, and it is to be hoped that the result will be satisfactory. It is intended to discharge the sewage into the sea only during those hours in which the tidal current will carry it away. For this purpose reservoirs are being constructed at the outfalls upon the same principle as has been adopted for the discharge of the sewage of London into the Thames. But even if the drainage works of Hastings and St. Leonards should prove perfect in themselves, they will not operate properly without a full supply of water; and the supply of these towns is defective both in quantity and quality.

It surely must be regarded as a set-off against the advantages of civilization, that with the growth of population, and the progress of industrial skill, we had polluted our rivers and were beginning to pollute the sea. All the ideas of beauty and purity which naturally connected themselves with the gushing of streams, and the flow and ebb of tides, were beginning to be displaced by the all-pervading idea of sewage. The Londoner, who during eleven months had endured the nastiness of the Thames, went for his twelfth month to the coast, and found the ocean equally abominable. But sewage, like the negro and the compound householder, must after all be dealt with, and the only plan for getting rid of it is to construct an outfall whence it may be carried well out to sea, and practically annihilated. The outfall should be placed, if possible, at a dreary spot like Langley Point, to which nobody is ever likely to desire to come, unless it be a poet, a despairing lover, or an invading enemy.

PICTURES OF THE YEAR.

IX.

EVERY picture ought to have a title, and the art of choosing titles which shall be at once original without eccentricity and appropriate without being commonplace is one of the most valuable little auxiliary accomplishments which a painter can possess. One of the qualities necessary to a title is the quality of being easily remembered. Few people can remember longitude and latitude. An old gentleman whose favourite amusement was the prosecution of imaginary sea voyages on a terrestrial globe was once referred to for the situation of an island in the Pacific, and when he replied, which he did at once, by latitude and longitude, his hearers were astonished at the accuracy of his memory. They would not have been astonished if he had remembered only a name.

Mr. Brett's picture at the Royal Academy this year has for its title "Lat. 53° 15' N. Long. 5° 10' W." We venture to say that no visitor, unless he be a sailor or a geographer, will keep this title in his memory. He will remember Mr. Brett's picture simply as "the latitude and longitude picture," which indeed may be distinctive enough, as no other artist is likely to trespass on the same ground; but then a picture which has been painted seriously ought not to be remembered by a nickname. The latitude and longitude picture is one of the most earnest attempts at the painting of sea which have yet been made, but it is far more scientific than artistic, and scarcely attracts us more than a remarkably good photograph might. It is a study of open sea in showery weather. The wind is still high, but it has been higher a few hours ago, if we may judge by the broad spaces of foam which Mr. Brett has so laboriously endeavoured to render. There is a rainbow in the watery sky, and a schooner, in a transient gleam of sunshine, is all that reminds us of humanity. The dull, deep green of the waves, darkest at their sharp toppling edges, the gray light on the ripples all down their vast sides, and the momentary brilliancy of the rainbow, are given with indisputable veracity. But the picture has no artistic charm. Mr. Brett seems to have so few of the preferences

or weaknesses of the true artist nature that he excites little interest, and leaves us unimpressed. We say this from no prejudice against Mr. Brett or his way of work, which we have in former papers defended; but we cannot be surprised if the public remains cold and unresponsive before such painting as this. The desire for imitative truth has led him to waste an amount of toil upon his sky which cannot but produce a corresponding feeling of fatigue in the spectator. It has been scraped and repainted and tormented with thousands of reparatory touches till the desired mystery and variety have been attained, but at the cost of freshness and directness. The rainbow is a minute mosaic of tiny triangular and quadrangular bits of colour, inlaid like the finest jeweller's work, and scraped and retouched for evenness of surface. Work of this kind cramps the hand of an artist, and really injures him. We all know that painting cannot imitate a rainbow or a cloud, and we would not vex true artists by such unreasonable requirements. We are satisfied with a degree of expression which shows that they know what the real nature of the thing is, and which communicates their feeling. Mr. Brett's wave-forms are very true, and it is a pity that his schooner should have the look of a model. When painters attempt to paint ships minutely, especially at some distance, they have always the look of models, because they lose the grandeur of the impression we receive from the reality. The shadow of the spar on the mainsail, for instance, has injured the effect of the picture on the mind, because no one out in a wild sea would pay such attention to shadows as Mr. Brett has paid to this, which is drawn with the utmost care and precision. We scarcely like to venture on questions of this nature, because they involve the most complicated considerations, and expose writers who discuss them to be misunderstood and misrepresented; but Mr. Brett's picture seems to fail in so important a point that we are bound to attempt some definition of the manner of its failure. We should say that it has material truth, but not mental truth; that the lines and colours of nature are there, but that no human sentiment is recorded on the canvas. And we believe it will be uniformly found that what affects us in art is far more the personality of the artist than the subject he illustrates. It is very dangerous for a painter to stifle or set aside his personality in order to reach closer material truth, and Mr. Brett seems to have done so. He might reply that this kind of material truth is what his personal instincts desire, and that thus, however paradoxical it may seem, the apparent absence of personality may be in his case the fullest expression of it. This may be true, but we should be sorry to think so, because in that case it would be evident that Mr. Brett's temperament, though highly receptive of certain orders of truth, is not an artistic temperament.

The exact opposite of Mr. Brett is Mr. Whistler. Mr. Whistler is anything but a robust and balanced genius. No mental force was ever more curiously irregular and capricious in its application than his, but the gifts that he has are truly artistic gifts, and even in his weaknesses and defects there is the charm of a strange and delightful interest. Many an artist, having dead-coloured his picture, has regretted the necessity for finishing, and thereby destroying the harmony he had reached, but when Mr. Whistler has reached a harmony in dead-colour he leaves it. It is probable that no picture ever exhibited in the Royal Academy contained so little manual labour as Mr. Whistler's "Sea and Rain." If the tints have been reached at once, as they seem to have been, the picture does not contain an hour's work. It is the extremest excess of tone-painting, the kind of painting in which tone is made the first aim, and detail considered altogether subordinate. If any one cares to note two representative instances of opposite tendencies in modern art, here they are in the same room—Mr. Brett's sea-piece and Mr. Whistler's "Sea and Rain." We wish to describe Mr. Whistler's picture, but the difficulty is that there is so little to describe. Gray sky, gray sea, gray wet sand. Some touches of white to indicate breakers, some birds, a figure lightly indicated. Materially there is nothing in it, mentally there is an impression of infinite dreariness, precisely the impression that we should feel before such a scene as this in nature. If the object of art is beauty, this cannot be art; but if we grant to painting the wider function of awakening or reviving impressions of any kind, and by any means in its power, then such work as this is not only art, but art entirely fulfilling its duties to the world. About the "Battersea" by the same painter there will be less variety of opinion. Few who can see colour will fail to enjoy the luminous gray sky, the purple and brown sails of the barges, the blue spirit, the delicate indications of colour in the fish hanging about the barge. So in the "Symphony in White, No. III." there are many dainty varieties of tint, but it is not precisely a symphony in white. One lady has a yellowish dress and brown hair and a bit of blue ribbon, the other has a red fan, and there are flowers and green leaves. There is a girl in white on a white sofa, but even this girl has reddish hair; and of course there is the flesh colour of the complexions. Let us observe, with reference to Mr. Whistler's painting, that it is pure brush-work, and conceived as such from the first, not careful drawing painted over. This is especially creditable to Mr. Whistler, because he is remarkable for minute precision in his etchings, and might be tempted to give painted drawings instead of pictures, but he understands the use of the brush far too well for that. Mr. Whistler should be careful in the choice of his canvases when he uses thin opaque colour. His Sunset on the Pacific, now in the Paris Exhibition, has deteriorated considerably since we first saw

it in England; and however much we might feel tempted to purchase a work of that kind, we should wait to see the effects of a few months upon it.

We venture to ask the reader, the next time he looks at Mr. Whistler's "Sea and Rain," to give ten minutes to Miss Blunden's "Tintagel," No. 672, in the same corner of the room, to the right, and near the floor. It is an exceedingly bright landscape, full of true love and knowledge of nature, but tending, as works of this school usually do, to some crudeness of colour and pettiness of form. It may be remembered by some readers that Mr. Ruskin spoke favourably of Miss Blunden's work several years ago, and those who know the opinions prevalent amongst artists are aware that some very distinguished painters share Mr. Ruskin's view. Our own impression of Miss Blunden's art is that it belongs to the better order of topographic landscape. It is not so precise as Mr. Brett's work, nor so skilful in the union of firm shape with accurate colour, but it is superior to it in a certain kind of sensitiveness. Topographic art is so unpopular that Miss Blunden's pictures may, we fear, fail to be as generally appreciated as they deserve; but we should be sorry to see the topographers driven out of the field, and wish them to hold firmly the place that fairly belongs to them. Painters who love nature more than art, who love not only nature in general, but have local attachments to particular spots, and are capable of expressing these likings in their art, will usually produce works which, like this picture of Tintagel, must have an interest exactly proportionate to the interest the spectator himself feels in the subject of the picture. There is a water-colour by Miss Blunden in the Dudley Gallery, called "Morning Mist," exceedingly delicate in tone and colour, but slightly injured by too much of system in the touching of the trees. It is a river scene, with an islet and a jetty, No. 470 in the catalogue.

Mr. George Leslie has taken a path of his own, which lies in a direction precisely opposite to the picturesque. The things which are hateful to the artistic instinct generally are delightful to Mr. George Leslie. What is more hateful than the confining of a watercourse between two formal brick walls, or the sharp isolation of grassy ground when a green patch of lawn measuring two yards by three is left at the intersection of garden walls? Are not clipped trees and straight lines hateful? And, in costume, what costume is more ungraceful than that worn in the latter half of the eighteenth century? It is not majestic, like the old Roman draperies; nor truly picturesque, like our own Tudor costumes; but prim and formal and ugly. And yet Mr. George Leslie's pictures, which are full of these ugly garden scenes and awkward dresses, are very charming. They are charming, like pages of George Eliot's novels, because the artist has found a true human interest and pathos in this prim existence of our grandfathers. If their life was stiff, it shall be stiff, if homely it shall be homely, but there shall be no unnecessary exaggeration any way. And Mr. Leslie believes and feels that the life was real, that people once really did so live and go through the comedy or tragedy of existence in their quaint houses and gardens. Models have been used for these pictures, of course, but there is no appearance of models, whereas in looking at too many costume-pictures we can think of nothing else. In "The Cousins," for instance, we think only of the simple country scene where one young lady has come from a distance early in the day, and her cousins give her breakfast on the lawn, with the homely farm-buildings in the background, and the little white gate that leads to them. In the "Ten Minutes to Decide" we have more serious page of life; the lover is waiting for his answer gravely a few yards away, and the young lady on garden seat with her companion has to make up her mind. The love of formal arrangements in landscape surroundings never went further, and it says much for the peculiar talent of Mr. Leslie that he should be able to make us forget the rigidity of these.

Sir Noel Paton's elaborate work, "The Fairy Raid, Carrying off a Changeling, Midsummer's Eve," is certainly not amenable to the charge of rigidity. No fairy subject was ever painted with more spirit. The detail is infinite, and all delightful. Moonlight is glancing between great boles of trees and on greensward beyond between haycocks. There is one bright star with glints of green and red fire in it. A procession of fairies, armed knights and ladies, ride out over the shorn grass, and the agile fairy steeds leap the little obstacles in the rougher ground. They have music with them too, horns of elf-land faintly blowing, and harps of elf-land ringing low. Jewels on helmets flash supernatural light, and shine on the foreheads of the beautiful fairy ladies. How gay and active are these brilliant fairy gentlemen, how lovely their delicate little dames! But then there are bad fairies with devil's claws, to be speared in the long grass as the dragon was by St. George! And the poor little human changeling, what of him? Big as he is, inconveniently and ludicrously big in this tiny society, he is too young to appreciate the difficulties of his situation; he is simply perplexed by this strange pageantry in the moonlight, and but dimly conscious of the great change in his position and prospects. When we have enjoyed a picture as we have enjoyed this, we are in no humour for criticism, and willingly leave to others the task of finding its defects. The belief in fairies has faded from our too chilled and sobered imagination, and if for half an hour we have recovered the true faith, the pleasure of a revived credulity is surely an equivalent for the temporary abeyance of mere positivism.

THE OAKS, AND RETROSPECT OF EPSOM.

AFTER the surprising result of the Derby it was scarcely reasonable to suppose that the other great race of the week would be decided in an equally unexpected way; but so it happened, and the faces that were blank on the Wednesday were blander still on the Friday. The extraordinary performances of Achievement last year had stamped her as far superior, when in her best form, not only to all the fillies, but also to all the colts of her year. At one time indeed it appeared as if she was about to lose her form, and the admission of her friends that she laboured under an affection of the throat, added to two consecutive defeats, caused her for a short time to decline in popular estimation with that rapidity which invariably accelerates the fall of a favourite. A fortnight later her easy victory up the Criterion hill reinstated her in a position which, till last Friday, she had never lost; and all doubts as to how she had passed through the winter months, and whether her infirmity had developed itself to any further extent, were effectually dispelled at the First Spring Meeting at Newmarket, when she won the One Thousand Guineas Stakes in the most playful of canters, not one of her opponents having the slightest chance of getting near her. After this performance, it is not to be wondered at that the Oaks was considered such a certainty for her that few owners thought it worth their while to send their fillies to engage in a useless struggle against the invincible Achievement. Her way was still further smoothed by casualties which befel some of the more promising competitors, who at any rate might have made her gallop, if they could have done no more. Rose tumbled head over heels when at exercise, and broke her back. Seville was unable to put in an appearance. Cellina had trained off to nothing. Opopanax had had a public trial at Ascot that must have convinced every one of the hopelessness of her chance. At the last, out of two hundred and six who had been duly entered, only eight fillies were left to take part in the battle. Consequently there was not much to see in the Paddock on the Oaks day, more especially as Achievement herself, whom every one was naturally anxious to inspect, was unfortunately saddled elsewhere. We think it a great pity that, save in the case of nervous and irritable animals whose chances might be jeopardized by crowding, owners do not make it a rule to have their horses walked and saddled in the legitimate enclosure, and allow those who take an interest in thoroughbreds, and are ready to pay ten shillings for the privilege, an opportunity of inspecting them. The seven who were visible were Hippia, Romping Girl, Bumblekite, Arapeile, Sœur de Charité, Minster Bell, and Bounceaway. Hippia, who was next—but at a considerable distance—to Achievement on public form, looked strong, compact, and muscular, fit to beat all except one, and perhaps as certain to be second as not to be first. Bumblekite seemed nervous and fidgety. Arapeile, better known last year as the filly by Beadsman out of Salamanca, was a very useful racing-like looking filly, but the fact that she had been tried with such an impostor as The Palmer gained her no new friends. Bounceaway, a smart half-miler; Romping Girl, of no great pretensions to fame on account of past performances; and Minster Bell, by Newminster out of Aspasia, one could scarcely fancy as likely to show in the race after Tattenham Corner. Lastly, Sœur de Charité had actually run second to Achievement at Newmarket—but such a second! On the whole, and taking for granted that Achievement, though not introduced to the public gaze, was as fit and as well as could be desired, nothing was seen in the Paddock to change our opinion that Achievement and Hippia must be first and second, and that the other six might fight, if they liked, for the third place. Nor when they took their preliminary canter was it necessary to desert old loves and pick out new ones. Achievement appeared to us to gallop freely and easily, though after all was over people expressed a contrary opinion; but then people see with different eyes after a race is over. We thought that she cantered in her own wonderful style, with her feet scarcely touching the ground, and pulling as if she longed to be off and away; and certainly the confidence of her friends was materially increased after she had taken her gallop. Bumblekite went splendidly, and is undoubtedly a fine galloper, but there was an ominous whisk about her tail that spoke of temper unsubdued, and likely to militate against her success. Hippia also swished her tail about, but it is odd that some fillies will run well under circumstances which would prevent most from running at all. At the starting-post Bumblekite kicked and reared and made herself disagreeable, and in fact played the rôle of D'Estournel to the best of her ability. There were three false starts even with only eight in the race, but when the flag fell they all got off on equal terms. The race was run at a very slow pace—to that, indeed, many good judges attribute Achievement's defeat—and the rank outsider, Romping Girl, made nearly all the running, such as it was. Hippia was ridden as if she was a stayer, which indeed we must now consider her to be. She was kept back for the first mile, and then brought slowly and gradually forward. Achievement also, to our surprise, was not allowed to go to the front till getting into the straight. Half-way up she appeared to be winning easily, but just at the rise of the hill Hippia challenged, and climbing the ascent with ease, while Achievement seemed to us to labour at it, won without difficulty by a length. Romping Girl, who retained her forward position almost the whole way, made a dead heat with the favourite for second place; and Bumblekite was fourth, the remainder, as might have been expected, not very far off.

Many explanations can be and have been offered of this extraordinary performance, but one thing is certain, it was not Achievement's true running. That she could stay up a severe hill at the end of a mile and a half course was a legitimate subject of doubt; that she could go fast there was no doubt about at all. Yet here she neither stayed nor went fast. Her splendid speed was sacrificed, for it was never called upon; her staying was relied on, and found deficient. How would it be best to ride a horse who you know can go twice as fast as any of his antagonists, but of whose speed and staying combined at a severe finish you are doubtful? Why, naturally, you would make such advantage of his speed in that part of the race where the ground was favourable that he might cut down his opponents before the severe part commenced, and so might be eased at the critical point. So with Achievement. We expected to see her take the lead at the furzes, come down the hill (and she can come down hills) at tremendous pace, which would have settled the rest before entering the straight, and then go leisurely up the final ascent. On the contrary, she was never allowed to get away from her opponents till just at the place where she was least able to do so, and least able to exhibit her splendid pace. The race was run exactly to suit Hippia, who for speed is not within 10 lbs. of Achievement, but who, being served by the slow pace, and staying the longest, was enabled to win. On the whole, we cannot help thinking that the race for the Oaks of 1867 was lost through bad management. We do not see that there is the slightest fault to be found with the riding; the fault lies with the orders, which no doubt were faithfully obeyed.

We must give a rapid glance at the general running of the week, as there was much in it that is deserving of attention. The very first race of the meeting was won in a canter by the marvellous Mousley. Though seven opposed him, it was virtually a match between him and Ostreger; and the latter being in fine form, and not one of the worst horses in England, the easy victory of Lord Bateman's indefatigable horse is additionally meritorious. Behind the pair were Roquefort and Beeswing, and every day brings fresh confirmation of how Mousley would have cantered in for the Chester Cup but for those accursed turns on the Roodee. Some very good two-year-olds appeared in the Woodcote Stakes—notably, Restitution, by King Tom, a very fine-looking colt, and a most worthy stable-companion to Suffolk; and Innerdale, by Dundee out of Dinah. A very bad start, in which both these two got off a long way behind everything else, spoiled the interest of this race, and will render its issue unreliable as a guide to future running. Innerdale could never get up; and though Restitution made up an immense deal of lost ground, he was unable to finish nearer than third, the second being Speculum, admittedly inferior at home to Innerdale; and the winner, a colt of Count Lagrange's, called Le Sarrazin, who is perhaps unlikely to repeat his triumph in such company. Two-year-old races depend so much on the excellence of the start, that we fear the student of public running will have to neglect the Woodcote Stakes altogether in any analysis he may make of the merits of the horses engaged therein. In the Heathcote Plate we were treated to another exhibition of the peculiar habits of Cranbury. He varied his performances at Bath by sitting down on his haunches, and biting—he would have barked also if he could—like a dog, at any one who was near him. With all his agility, Payne could not get him up this time and leap on his back as the flag fell; so horse and jockey, acrobats both, were left at the post, and Grimston had no difficulty in defeating the remainder, among whom were Xi, and Salliet, and Sycee, and other noted flyers. The minor races on the Derby day need not detain us for a moment, except to say that Liddington reappeared, and with a steadier of 9 st. showed his old speed, and beat a large and very respectable field for the Epsom Town Plate.

On Thursday Lady Elizabeth and Grimston fought their battle over again. At Bath it will be remembered that Grimston was just beaten by a head, but as many thought that he might have won, their second encounter was invested with additional interest. We may premise that King Alfred, another Derby colt of Baron Rothschild's, made his *début* in this race. He is a grand-looking colt, though leggy at present; but if he lets down and furnishes before next year, he will be a formidable addition to an already formidable string. It must be said, however, that his action, though powerful, is decidedly ungainly. Only these three, out of eight runners, had anything to do with the race; and King Alfred stumbling just opposite the Stand, and nearly coming down on his nose, it remained a match between Grimston and Lady Elizabeth. Both ran well, and both jockeys did all they knew, and as the judge could not separate them as they passed the chair, the decision was a dead heat. The deciding heat was equally well contested. The pair ran side by side almost the whole way at a tremendous pace, but Lady Elizabeth, despite her irritable temper, which was freely exhibited at the start, showed most unflinching gameness, and just won in the last stride, as at Bath, by a head. The public form of this pair is so true and equal that a pound extra weight on either would just make the difference in the result. Miss Havelock won the Queen's Plate in such an absurd canter, trot, walk, whichever you please, that it was impossible not to ask oneself why she could not have run equally well in the Chester Cup, to which question we should be very sorry to have to give an answer. The only other race of which we need speak was the Two-Year-Old Plate on Friday, in which King Alfred again appeared. He did not appear to go so well or so strongly as the day before—and it is a

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hazardous experiment to bring out such overgrown unmatured youngsters two days running—and was cleverly beaten by Orion, a colt by Cramond, a comparatively unknown sire, who was in a tolerably forward state of preparation, and deserves to be attentively noticed for his thoroughly racing-like look and shape.

In taking leave of Epsom we must call attention to the scandalously disgraceful manner in which the entrance to the Paddock was regulated. Hundreds of gentlemen interested in horses, and anxious to obtain a fair view of them, paid their ten shillings with alacrity, and were then driven pell-mell through a narrow barrier only fit for the admission of a crowd of roughs or prize-fighters. Gasping for breath, and unable to move arms or legs, they were rudely collared by truculent-looking policemen, and tickets were demanded which it was a physical impossibility to reach. On the other hand, we saw lots of rowdies gaining admission by a nod or a wink, or the presentation of any scrap of cardboard picked up on the course, and offered in lieu of the real ticket, lost or stolen forsooth! The same happened in the betting enclosure, and we repeatedly saw the check-takers handing checks over to most unpleasant-looking people, at whose approach we instinctively buttoned our pockets the tighter. It would seem not too much to ask, in return for your ten shillings Paddock entrance, a decent means of passing in and out, and officials of sufficient intelligence not to want to see your ticket more than ten times every day; and, in return for your two-guinea weekly ticket, the exclusion of unwholesome-looking people who do not pay twopence. These demands are not extravagant, but very likely there is small chance of having them granted. Anyhow, at present, the admission to the King is a very questionable privilege, and the entrance to the Paddock requires a disgusting exhibition of brute force, and involves great wear and tear of raiment and considerable loss of temper.

REVIEWS.

POSITIVIST MORALITY.*

THE author of this essay says at the close of one of his own laboured disquisitions, "But all this has been said a thousand times before, and much better than I could ever say it." He might with truth have said the same of the whole of his four hundred pages. They may be described as a diffuse, longwinded, rambling, and somewhat illogical exposition of utilitarian morals. Mr. J. S. Mill is not apt to be sparing of words, but Mr. Mill's little tract on *Utilitarianism* contrasts most favourably in condensation, fulness, and point with this French essay. M. Siérebois is acquainted with Mr. Mill's treatise, and has quoted several passages from it. He was astonished, he says, to find in it a singular conformity with all his own ideas. He does not seem to have appreciated, and has certainly not attempted to imitate, the brief and pregnant treatment of the subject by the English philosopher.

But if without theoretical originality, the French *Anthropodicté* is not without an interest of its own, at least for English readers. We are accustomed to look in French literature for grace, wit, brilliancy, and epigram. Their speculative ideas have been generally borrowed, and are often superficially apprehended. But we take them more gladly from the borrowers than from the original owners, because the borrower has had the imitable art of setting them off. At the same time these graces of style have always conveyed the unavoidable impression of want of sincerity and conviction on the part of the writers. The perfection of French literature in point of expression has been its weakness as a moral influence. Where indeed mere destruction of what existed was its aim, there point and sarcasm were very effective weapons. Voltaire's flippancy and untruthfulness did not make his epigrams less telling, or interfere with his mission, which was simply to destroy. It is quite otherwise with propagandism of a new system. There the conviction is everything, and as soon as we perceive any anxiety about the form of what is said, we suspect the earnestness of the writer.

The modern Positivist school of French writers are free from the weakness of literary skill. Their books have nothing French about them except the words. These men are unmistakably in earnest. They believe in the social gospel they preach. Its truth, and its ready demonstration from the facts of the world, fill and possess them. Their books are not literature at all, and make no attempt at pleasing, or at presenting themselves as readable books. The truths they have to announce are so important in themselves that they are sure to command attention, and so true that, when attended to, they must be accepted. Society is sick; its old traditions and groundwork are worn out, and it is uneasily waiting for the new. However we may differ from a writer's opinions, we cannot but regard him with respect when he is above being original or amusing.

The Positivist school of social philosophers are not only not sarcastic on the old creeds, they are not even bitter, or passionate, or contemptuous, or disdainful. M. Siérebois is so profoundly convinced that Catholicism is on its deathbed, that he merely speaks of it as an admitted fact, without any Lucretian indignation, or petty desire to give a last kick at the expiring lion.

* *La Morale fouillée dans ses Fondements; Essai d'Anthropodicté.* Par P. Siérebois. Paris and London: Bailliére. 1867.

The received religion rested upon the subjective faith of the populations. That faith is gone, cannot be replaced; consequently the received system of conduct, which was based on it, is crumbling to pieces. He neither regrets nor insults it; it merely sets him anxiously to work to find out what principles there are upon which a new system of society can be established in its room.

Starting from this point of view, M. Siérebois's essay is far more practical than speculative. His title might lead one to expect otherwise. But he is short on the question of what virtue is, and insists much more on how it is to be produced. To this end he has no new means; education is his first and last word. He is vividly impressed with the power which habituation exercises upon the development of our faculties, and, in particular, upon the production of our moral sentiments. "Morals," he remarks, are derived from *mores*, which means *habitudes*, and virtue is the being habituated to feel and think and act in a way to promote the general interests of the society in which we live. Man cannot live alone. Society is a necessity, and society is the only field in which the moral sentiments can spring up. What sentiments shall grow up is a matter over which society has entire control. Example and instruction, the two branches of education, can produce whatever they like. It can be demonstrated even to the intelligence of a child that, to pass one's life in the company of one's fellows, one must create oneself a position which shall secure to one the goodwill of the majority. There is but one method of securing the friendly feeling and offices of others, and that is to show them that they have not to apprehend any evil from us, but that they may even count on our services when they require them. All that the child sees around him shows him men engaged in reciprocating good offices. Even the rules and practices of polite society are but an expression of our moral relations to others. If there are men who are brusque, rude, and egotistical, they are not liked; they do not succeed in obtaining that position among their fellows which makes the collective force of society tell for their particular benefit. As for serious crimes, the child never witnesses their commission, and only becomes aware of them when they are about to be punished.

To arm him against the seductions of pleasure, it can be easily proved to him by reason that pleasure is not happiness. He can be told that the zest of enjoyment depends upon its rarity. Amusement which is the amusement of every day soon loses its charm. Ambition, again, is a source of far greater disquietude than of satisfaction. The sensual passions belong to the savage state, have in them something of the animal, which wounds the dignity of the intellect; and to succeed in satiating them is immediately to become aware of the hollowness of such gratification.

This is really excellent morality, but, if we are not mistaken, these exhortations have been in vogue any time for the last 3,000 years. Mankind have by this time pretty well ascertained the extent of their efficacy. If experience has established any fact at all, it may be said to have demonstrated this, that the theory of virtuous consequences, demonstrable to the understanding, is insufficient to control conduct. Rational conviction that it is our interest to be virtuous is not wholly inoperative; it does something, it does exert a restraining force; but it is a force which is liable to be overborne, and is at every moment, in fact, overborne by much stronger forces in an opposite direction. All civilized communities, all instructors of youth, employ exhortation. None rely upon it without keeping in reserve much more efficacious means of constraint. The disregard of experience which is common to all Positivist schemes is their weak point. M. Siérebois's republic pushes this weakness to the extreme of simplicity when he estimates the force of these teachings to be quite sufficient of itself, without the idea of a future state. In a passage, which in the fervour of its sincerity is almost eloquent, he sketches the education of the future:—

Que les instituteurs de la jeunesse développent avec talent ces doctrines; qu'ils fassent lire aux enfants et aux jeunes gens, avec toutes les explications nécessaires, les livres où ces idées ont été revues de tous les ornements du style, de tous les charmes du sentiment (les écrivains religieux en ont fait souvent où l'on trouve des pages admirables); qu'ils montrent la confirmation des doctrines dans tous les faits que rapporte l'histoire, dans ceux qui se passent journalement autour de nous; que les gouvernemens cherchent à fortifier ces instructions par la publicité donnée aux actes de dévouement, par l'éclat des récompenses, par la tendance générale des lois qu'ils promulguent; que les savants, les poëtes, les historiens, les romanciers eux-mêmes, ne négligent aucune occasion de faire ressortir les vrais principes du devoir dans leurs ouvrages; c'est ainsi que pourra se faire d'une manière très-efficace, une préparation sociale qui sera solide. Et l'effet sera bien plus certain encore, quand le progrès des lumières aura chassé de l'esprit même des femmes la crédulité, la superstition, le goût du merveilleux, et de tout ce qui brille d'un faux éclat; car alors la mère, qui sentira remuer son fruit dans ses entrailles, ne le voudra plus à de chimériques protecteurs, ne se complaira plus, dans son désir maternel, à lui réver les talents d'un tueur d'hommes ou d'un exploiteur de ses semblables; mais elle lui souhaitera les qualités d'un homme honorable qui sait se faire aimer en se rendant utile; et le cœur de l'enfant, qui ne vit alors que par celui de la mère, recevra dès-lors quelques empreintes qui le disposeront à recevoir celles de l'éducation; et, plus tard, pour endormir l'enfant, la nourrice ou la mère ne le berçera plus avec des chansons ridicules; plus tard encore, pour l'amuser, au lieu de lui raconter des histoires de fées, de revenants ou de mythologie, elle lui parlera des prodiges de la science, elle lui fera aimer les vrais bienfaiteurs de l'humanité, elle lui fera prendre en horreur les grands scélérats, les prétendus héros dont l'ambition a couvert la terre de ruines.—P. 103.

Those who are familiar with Plato will almost think they are reading a translation from the Third Book of the *Republic*. The parallelism is more remarkable as it is plainly unconscious on the part of a writer who is no plagiarist, and who, though he often

repeats what has been said before, is entirely regardless of novelty, and is solely intent upon uttering what seems to himself true.

With this excellent education the motive derivable from the notion of a future state will be, M. Siérebois declares, superfluous. But he will have a church—*églises morales*—to nourish the sentiment of virtue when once implanted in the heart. In every rural commune, and every quarter of large towns, a vast edifice is to be set apart for periodical meetings, weekly or monthly. Heads of families are to take a pride in attending themselves, and conducting their whole households to these *rénunions*, though the obligation to be present is never to assume the burdensome character of a duty *per se*. These meetings must be conducted by functionaries of quite a new sort, but bearing some resemblance to the professors in a faculty. The spirit of caste is never to develop itself among these functionaries, who are to preach from a pulpit on the conquests of science, the art of preserving health, or the laws of the country. There should be several feast days in the course of the year, when the church may be changed for the day into a theatre, and plays and operas, &c., performed. Music should have a large place in the programme. There should be chants, or songs; words set to sweet but simple tunes, which should not be often changed under pretext of novelty. These hymns (*pôsies*) are not to be of modern composition, or even in a modern tongue. Their effect, like that of the Latin hymns of the Church, will be far greater if they are in a classical tongue, and taken from classical authors. The Bible even, "which is full of magnificent thoughts, expressed in a sublime style," may be laid under contribution.

If it be objected that the new institution, the *église morale*, comes so near the old, the *église catholique*, that it might be as well, and would certainly be easier, to leave the latter to do the work required, the author answers that the morality of the Church has a fatal flaw which disqualifies it for the purpose of educating a moral community—that, namely, of placing a number of indifferent practices on the same level of obligation with acts of virtue. If the child is taught to regard integrity or benevolence as equally meritorious with the repetition of the rosary or attendance at mass, *e.g.*, his standard of morality is thereby corrupted. The suggestion, which the author says he has met with, that faith would be restored in the Church, and the observance of Church practices become again as universal as it once was, if the learned and powerful of the world would set the fashion, and return to mass, confession, &c., to make the people believe they have faith—this suggestion he repudiates with contempt. He will not found a social system on hypocrisy, or on the principle of keeping the masses in ignorance. He reprobates most sternly M. Réan's advice, that a priest who has become convinced of the impossibilities of Catholic dogmas ought to continue his public ministrations notwithstanding. The "*pôtiques réserves*," the "*silences angéliques*" of the aristocratic philosopher are entirely repugnant to the spirit of Positivism, which supposes that all mankind being brothers they have an equal right, and (we presume) an equal capacity, to know the truth. The *église morale*, after all, is not one of the institutions of the new moral world on which the author will insist as essential. He even confesses, at the conclusion of the chapter in which the proposal is made, that there may be something chimerical in the idea. And before the close of the book, in some concluding retractions, he wishes to alter the name, as having the fault of recalling too much of the past. He confesses that, when he penned the suggestion for the *églises morales* in an earlier chapter, he had not found the way to disengage his mind sufficiently from old associations. He is now (p. 420) in favour of *écoles sociales*, not for children, but associations on a large scale, where all classes shall fraternize, and cherish those sentiments of common sympathy without which morality is impossible. Such a *naïve* admission of hasty composition will probably destroy any confidence which the reader may have tried to place in a projector who improvises his scheme while he writes. On the other hand, the confession is fresh evidence of an honesty of purpose, and a superiority to all personal considerations, which distinguish the Positivist books from the frivolous and egoistical literature current.

The only part of the book which really touches the abstract question promised in the title, of the "foundations of morals," are the chapters "Of the Moral Instinct, and of Virtue," and "Of Justice." "Right" is defined to be "that force which society assures to the individual will when it is properly constituted." And by proper constitution is to be understood that which secures to each of the members the largest amount of happiness. "Duty," on the other hand, is "the control imposed on the individual will by the same rational constitution of the State, whereby one will is compelled to yield to another will in conflict with it." "Justice" is only a name for reason itself, applied to it when it is employed to discriminate between the claims of conflicting wills. The basis of right then is not, as is sometimes said, general utility, but individual advantage. A regard to the general welfare, far from being the principle of human activity, is at most applicable to a few exceptional cases. Peter has built a house; justice will interfere to prevent Paul from dispossessing Peter by violence. Here it is a matter of perfect indifference to society whether the owner of the house was called Paul or Peter. There may be, and always are in the world, some few elect souls who are capable of proposing to themselves the general benefit as the one motive of their actions. But these finely constituted natures are always rare, and justice must be defined in a way to be applicable to all. The only branch of justice which can be said to have the common

welfare for its immediate object is political justice, which restrains or punishes treason against the body politic. The author evidently attaches a good deal of importance to this distinction, which he labours much to prove. The simple observation that the general welfare is but all the cases of individual welfare collectively considered, which evaporates the whole distinction, never seems to have occurred to him.

Ill-considered and Utopian in his practical proposals, weak in his attempts to grapple with the theory of morals, there is yet in M. Siérebois's calm and intense march a force which makes itself felt, though slowly and by insensible degrees, and which society will have to reckon with. He is not alone, but represents an increasing party fundamentally hostile to the existing order of society—a party not dangerous from their fanaticism, but, on the contrary, from their determined reasonableness. Positivism is ignorant, but it is willingly ignorant. Its hostility to the present is only surpassed by its contempt for the past. Their books may be pulled to pieces from the critic's and the scholar's point of view; *e.g.* M. Siérebois calls his volume an *Essai d'Anthropodice*. We do not know, but we presume, that this is in imitation of Leibnitz, who published a book at Amsterdam, in 1710, entitled *Essais de Théodicée*. By *Théodicée*, a word which Leibnitz was the first to use, he meant a justification of God, in respect, *i.e.*, of the permission of evil, and in this sense the word, thus introduced by Leibnitz, has become naturalized in the vocabulary of philosophy. M. Siérebois apparently supposes *anthropodice* can mean, or intends to make it mean, "human justice." No matter. What is usage? an arbitrary fiction of literary men; a thing to be swept away, we suppose, with the pernicious class who invented and who sustain it. The aim of the Positivists is directed to an end far more comprehensive than a mere philosophical victory, or even a revolution of thought. Men who have a mission to regenerate the world are not to be stopped by criticism, verbal or metaphysical, not even by refutation. Their challenge is not to the reviewer, or to philosophical controversy, but to the whole social fabric. If anything rouses M. Siérebois to indignation it is what are called "liberal" ideas.

Pride [he says] is the common characteristic of that class of men who, at present, assume themselves to be the depositaries of intellectual light. They talk of progress and of liberty, but they are very careful never to mix with the people, whom they employ only in servile offices. The fine phrases they pen every day on liberty and equality are contradicted by their actions. If you really esteemed humanity as you say you do, you would respect it in others, and not expect them to render to you services which you would consider it degrading to perform for yourself. To condemn certain men or women because they are poor and you are rich, to occupy their whole time on the material attentions which your animal life demands, is to go contrary to nature, to treat one's fellow as a machine, and to be false to the very principles of liberty and equality which you profess.

LORD DUFFERIN'S IRELAND.*

(First Notice.)

LORD DUFFERIN has done well to republish the substance of his letters to the *Times*. They may not be wholly free from errors both of statement and of inference, but they nevertheless do contain such a vast body of authentic testimony, collected from persons more or less familiar with the operation of the land-laws of Ireland, that they must always possess a certain amount of authority. And if it be said that they are partial and one-sided, the answer is ready—let them be read along with the pamphlets and letters written on the other side. Of these there is abundance. Between the two, impartial readers will not lack guides to a just conclusion on the subject at issue. But we suspect that impartial readers are just as rare as impartial writers. The mere fact of any question being an Irish question is sufficient to cut at the roots of all impartiality. The writers on it are for the most part Irish, and therefore partisans. The majority of the English readers catch the contagion of the partisanship, and become, according to their prejudices or their sensibilities, violent sympathizers with injured tenants or with menaced landlords.

The questions at issue between Lord Dufferin and his opponents are these. Is Irish emigration good for Ireland? Should it be prevented by a law giving fixity of tenure to tenants? These two questions necessarily involve others hardly subordinate in importance to themselves. Of these some relate to theories, and others to facts. And here we may observe that nowhere is that thing which is always difficult to find so difficult to find as in Ireland—namely, a fact. The vivid imagination of the people must, we suppose, be held mainly accountable for this; not but that their fears and aspirations have also something to do with it. No doubt there is something very affecting in the spectacle of tens of thousands of people quitting their homes and their country every year for a foreign land. It excites, not a mere sentimental pity, but reflections most profoundly mournful. These people go to raise up families more prosperous than they themselves have ever been, but at the same time families of haters and enemies of ourselves. If we could prevent this constantly recurring exodus, we ought to do so. But can we? The examination of the question seems to lead but to one conclusion. As Ireland is now, emigration is an unavoidable necessity. Lord Dufferin points out that

Had no emigration taken place from Ireland, and had the population continued to multiply at its normal rate, the additional increase to our present numbers would by this time have amounted to three millions of souls; and as there is no reason to believe that such a circumstance would have mate-

* *Irish Emigration and the Tenure of Land in Ireland*. By Lord Dufferin. London: Willis, 1867.

rially expanded the restricted manufacturing operations of the country, the larger proportion of those three millions would have to depend upon the land for their support. Now, it appears from an official report drawn up on the conjoint authority of Archbishop Whately, Archbishop Murray, and Mr. Moore O'Farrell, that in 1846 five persons were employed in the cultivation of the land of Ireland for every two that cultivated the same quantity of land in Great Britain, while the agricultural produce of Great Britain was four times the agricultural produce of Ireland. As a matter of fact, therefore, so far as the past is concerned, the addition to the agricultural produce of Ireland has not been proportionate to the excess of the agricultural population.

Comparing the number of persons employed in Scotland and the richer districts of England with the number employed in Ireland, Lord Dufferin arrives at the conclusion that upwards of half a million persons are, notwithstanding the great emigration, still employed in Irish agriculture above the number employed on the same amount of Scotch and English land; that is, in the ratio of two to one. His view is that the industry of these people is as misapplied and unproductive as that of a crew which reckons twice as many hands as is justified by the size and tonnage of the vessel. And he asks, naturally enough, "If, instead of the reduced numbers at present left in this false position, the hundreds of thousands who have emigrated had remained at home to breed and stagnate on the overburdened soil, is it not evident that a state of things would now exist in Ireland such as no man can think of without a shudder?"

We are aware that there are writers who dispute, not only this conclusion, but also the premiss from which it flows. In their view, there are not too many cultivators of the soil in Ireland; on the contrary, they might be, and ought to be, increased; and emigration, instead of being a relief to penury, is only a new form of misery. It is difficult to deal with these persons. They seem to offend equally against the obvious deductions of common sense and the admitted theorems of political economy. Their great example is Belgium. They say it is useless to assert that Ireland has too large an agricultural population, since Flanders has, area for area, one much larger. But the conditions of the two countries are not similar. Belgium is a country of coal, iron, and manufacturing industry, interspersed and garnished with agriculture. Belgium is a great exporter of manufactures, and requires subsistence for the inhabitants of its great manufacturing centres. This gives an impetus and remuneration to the agricultural industry of its suburban districts. Ireland is a country without iron, almost without coal, and, except in Ulster, without manufactures. Lord Dufferin says:—

According to popular belief Belgium is cultivated by a peasant proprietary twice as numerous in proportion to the area they occupy as the agricultural population of Ireland, living in peculiarly easy circumstances, and affording unmistakeable evidence of the advantages of *la petite culture*. The real facts are these:—That making a proportionate deduction for the population employed on the pasture lands of both countries, the total population dependent on tillage in Ireland is probably almost as dense as that of Belgium. That the greater part of Belgium is cultivated, not by small proprietors, but by tenants. That the competition for land is intense, and rack-rents universal. . . . That the condition of the agricultural population is worse where the subdivision of farms is greatest, and best where the farms are largest. That the Belgian labourer is supposed to be the most industrious and the worst paid of any labourer in Europe; that the farmer is scarcely better off than the labourer; and that in Flanders population is not merely at a standstill, but diminishing.

Lord Dufferin appends the following extract from M. De Lavelaye's *Économie rurale* to support the last of these propositions:—

Malheureusement la condition des hommes laborieux qui ont amené l'agriculture à un si haut degré de perfection n'est point en rapport avec la masse des produits qu'ils récoltent. L'ouvrier agricole des Flandres est peut-être celui de tous les ouvriers européens qui, travaillant le plus, est le plus mal nourri.

With respect to the system of small holdings which these writers would like to see re-established all over Ireland, the same author points out

le contraste que présentent les Flandres, où la production agricole, la plus riche qu'on puisse voir, ne laisse aux mains de ceux qui travaillent la terre que juste de quoi vivre, et, d'autre part, l'Ardenne, où ceux qui font valoir le sol jouissent d'une certaine aisance relative, malgré l'inériorité de la production et des procédés agricoles.

That agriculture has been more productive in Flanders than in Ireland is true. But what is the reason? Not only has the close proximity of large and populous towns stimulated the demand for agricultural produce, but it has also furnished the means of meeting it, by supplying the required quantity of manure. Lord Dufferin observes:—

East and West Flanders together comprise a smaller area than the county of Cork, and contain the following towns:—Grammont, 3,500 souls; Ecolos, 8,500; Memm, 9,000; Cstende, 16,000; Bruges, 48,000; . . . Ypres, 16,500; Courtray, 22,000; Ghent, 108,900; Alost, 18,000; St. Nicolas, 21,000—the urban population of Flanders being little short of 400,000, nearly three times as large as the urban population of the county of Cork; which, in addition to its city of 80,000 inhabitants, can only boast of two towns with a population of 9,000, another two with a population of 6,000, and three or four with a population of 3,000.

Take from Ireland Dublin, Belfast, and Cork, and what centres of urban population does she possess? Again, add to these comparisons a comparison between the climate of Belgium, with its genial sunshine and tepid moisture, and the climate of Ireland, with its chill moisture and rains throughout two-thirds of the year, and it is not difficult to see why agricultural results in Ireland should be less fortunate than in Belgium. Nor does the fact incidentally mentioned by Lord Dufferin merit the slight which it generally receives at the hands of the advocates of *la petite culture*. There is an annual excess of births over deaths in

Ireland, while the population of agricultural Flanders remains stationary. The respective advantages and disadvantages of the countries are therefore, on the one side, a good soil, a warm climate, a dense manufacturing neighbourhood, abundance of manure, and a stationary population; on the other, a chill climate, a soil of only average fertility, a scanty and exceptional manufacturing element, a deficiency of manure, and a population which tends towards augmentation. In such a state of things, what would be the advantage of more numerous and more diminutive farms? Small farms mean little capital; the smallest mean no capital at all. Surely those who recommend that the wet soil of Ireland should be appropriated by a race of small farmers, without capital, science, or skill, have read its past history in vain. What could they raise? The most lucrative market is the English market. But they could raise nothing for that worth buying without skill and capital. And there are no neighbouring manufactures out of Ulster to stimulate the supply of secondary crops, or to employ the hands of the farmers' sons and daughters at home. Lord Dufferin quotes an opinion of Judge Longfield, whose knowledge of the agriculture and agricultural population of Ireland enables him to speak with authority. The Judge says:—

But mere agriculture, even in its most improved state, will not afford sufficient employment to the population of Ireland, unless it is reduced very considerably; and, in order to keep the people in comfort, or, indeed, to keep them in the country, it is necessary to find some means of preventing them from being entirely dependent upon that one branch of industry for their support.

Certainly, one of the greatest grievances of Ireland is its want of manufactures. In part, this want is due to the tantalizing niggardliness of nature, which, while giving to Ireland most of the geological conditions of a coal formation, has withheld the coal which should accompany them. But there are other causes beside these, imputable, not to the unkindness of nature, but to the illiberality of England. Lord Dufferin does not hesitate to place in strong relief the commercial jealousy of England, and the mischief which it entailed on Ireland. We are all free-traders now; at least we pretend to be so. We also cherish the idea that only a sordid landholding class ever made Protection the pretext for injustice. It may do us good, therefore, to be reminded that for upwards of two centuries the commercial confraternities of Great Britain never relaxed their relentless grip on Ireland. By the Act of the 20th of Elizabeth Irish cattle (which under-sold English cattle in the market) were declared a "nuisance," and their importation was prohibited. Next, Irish salted meats were prohibited. When Irish wool had begun to be imported, it too was prohibited. When it was made up in its own country, its importation into England was prohibited, and the Irish woollen manufacture was killed. Silk manufactures were next tried, but only to share the fate of the woollen. The same destruction awaited the making of soap, sugar, and candles. Denied the hospitality of the English, Irish manufacturers next essayed the colonial markets. But here they were headed again. Lord Dufferin does not mention another—which we believe to have been powerful—cause of manufacturing stagnation. We speak of the suicidal strikes of the Irish workmen, which were fatal to many branches of industry. We have seen a list of crafts and trades which once flourished in Ireland, but which were all killed by the fatuous rashness of Irish artisans. In some way or other Ireland has lost all her manufactures, except those which still survive in Ulster. In a word, debarred for 250 years from every manufacturing and commercial enterprise beyond the limits of their own small isle, the Irish necessarily fell back on the land. It became to them all in all. It was the sole subsistence of many; the sole ambition and distinction of others; the grand object of competition of all. When we add to the consideration of this fact the recollection that English conquest had dispossessed many of the native owners, and that Irishmen could only regain a dependent occupancy by the favour and on the terms of the victors, we begin to understand how it is that the land question is the question of questions in Ireland, at once the most important, the most enduring, and the most insoluble.

THE FLYING SCUD.*

A DRAMA, as we all know, can be constructed out of a novel, and there is no reason to believe that a novel cannot be concocted out of a drama. The first is a work of condensation, the last of diffusion. In each, delineation of character is supposed to be the principal aim; but while in the dramatized novel this is attained by selecting a few salient incidents and grouping them carefully, in the converse case it can only be produced by dispersing those incidents widely, and diminishing their intensity. On the stage, characters are ready-made, and incidents only confirm and heighten an impression already received; in the novel, characters make themselves slowly and gradually, and incidents work out points of transition and phases of their growth. It is clear from this that it is much easier to adapt a work of fiction to the stage than to elaborate a novel out of a play; and the latter is rarely attempted, principally, as we imagine, because writers possessed of the requisite ability prefer to create their own characters rather than to derive them from any foreign source. The author of the book before us, however, has been apparently so impressed with the excellences of a spectacular drama of Mr. Boucicault's, entitled

* *The Flying Scud. A Sporting Novel.* By the Author of "Charlie Thornhill," "Which is the Winner?" &c. London: R. Bentley. 1867.

[June 1, 1867.]

The Flying Scud, that he has resolved to attempt to reproduce them in greater detail. To quote his own words in the introduction:—

I believe I see in his drama the foundation of a story whose interest may be heightened by more close and careful analysis of the separate characters which he presents to you on the stage of a theatre, and though it be true that those incidents pass less vividly into the mind by the ear than by the eye—

after which comes a well-worn quotation from the *Eton Latin Grammar*—"there can be no doubt that narration gives an opportunity of enjoyment, which, if less vivid or exciting, is more capable of exercising the faculties of comparison and analysis."

We confess that we cannot share in Mr. Clarke's belief. The drama in question is of the most ordinary quality. The characters are of the most commonplace type. The story has no ingenuity either in the plot or in its construction. An old yeoman bequeaths his property, including a valuable Derby horse, to an honest man, and cuts out a card-sharper who is his next of kin. The card-sharper, with other card-sharpers his fellows, has risked all the money he has got, and a great deal more that he has not got, against this horse for the Derby. Which will conquer, the honest man or the card-sharper? This is the sole point to be decided, and the decision is deferred, by devices familiar to manufacturers of plays and novels, till the fitting moment has arrived, when the honest man wins the Derby, and the card-sharpers are remitted to penal servitude. These are not very promising materials wherewith to build up a novel, but still, by that "close and careful analysis" of all the characters which is promised to us, something might be done. Grindley Goodge might be treated as a fallen angel. Good at first, his gradual declension from the paths of virtue might be traced out. His temptations to do that which was evil, his struggles to return to that which was right, might be so effectually compared and contrasted that we should behold the man just hanging in the balance, not yet committed to thorough infamy, not yet deserted by his better genius. Then would come the climax. His uncle's unjust will, the loss of his expected inheritance, would drive him to despair. Thenceforth there would be no recovery. With a proper interfusion of female influence, and a sympathetic treatment of the other personages, a story might be constructed in which all the necessary incidents would be incorporated, but in proper subordination to the development of character. But Mr. Clarke has done nothing of this sort. His characters come on made, fitted, and dressed to order. He gives us the mere action on the stage as it has passed under his eyes, without any interpretation of the causes or motives of that action. He offers to us just the book of the play, only spread out into a greater number of words, transmuted into better type, priced at a guinea instead of six-pence, and illustrated by recollections of how the actors at the Holborn Theatre looked and spoke their parts. Enter Captain Goodge, the full-blown villain. He does not say much, but he sneers, and shows his teeth, and looks like a fox. Probably Mr. Clarke saw his representative on the stage showing his teeth, and looking like a fox—or an ass, as the case might be; and when he went home, and made a "close and careful analysis" of the character of a villain, he must have come to the conclusion that, if nature gives a man sharp white teeth and a vulpine expression of countenance, he becomes *de jure* a villain, and no other explanation is needed about his villainy. Enter again the honest man, Meredith, "his face livid with passion, and his words coming rapidly, but not very distinctly, while his voice trembled, and every vein in his body was swelling with the suppression of his emotions." This must be an exhausting effort on the stage, but the actors whom Mr. Clarke has seen appear to have great powers in this way, for not long afterwards Grindley Goodge is again "on his legs, with his black eyes gleaming like a demon, and the perspiration on his cold and clammy face." Anon he takes three strides—there is not room for much more on the stage—"the veins were swollen in his hands and forehead; his lips, blanched with something more than fear—with the utter ruin of all his hopes and expectations, and contending with an aimless and impotent violence—with difficulty formed words," &c. And so these men go on through two volumes scowling, striding, and cursing at each other, black in the face with passion, and very uncomfortable, we should think, from the chronic swelling of their veins. From a physiological point of view the proper end for one or both would be apoplexy; but, as we have mentioned, one wins the Derby, and the other goes to the hulks.

Of the minor personages, and notably of the women, it is sufficient to say that they are trotted out one after another on the same principles, and that we are enabled to form a distinct opinion of the facial expressions with which the actors at the Holborn Theatre accompany the delivery of their respective parts. But if Mr. Clarke's treatment of character is a mere reproduction of stage action, his treatment of incidents is not less a mere reproduction of stage business. He gives us what the property-man and stage-carpenetr give us—a succession of set scenes of the most ancient and approved type. There is a will scene. Shrewd impassive old lawyer in the centre. Next of kin, with an incipient tendency to swollen veins, at one side, surrounded by his friends—and creditors. Honest yeoman with manly face, and his mouth shut, at the other side. Background of villagers and tenants, with their mouths open. Lawyer begins to read. Legacies to friends and neighbours, a good many of them. Next of kin's veins swell visibly. Tries to do a rule of three sum with

his fingers. Legacies ended at last. All else, my real and personal estate, whatsoever and wheresoever, to —— next of kin perspires freely—to honest yeoman. An oath, a yell, a leap (equal to three strides). Next of kin upsets the table and hits lawyer in the eye. Honest yeoman steps forward and kicks next of kin out of the house. Creditors follow. Great cheering from tenants and villagers. Honesty the best policy. Tableau. Curtain. Then there is a card scene; we beg pardon—Mr. Clarke's imagination is not prolific, and cards may be played in divers ways—there are half a dozen card scenes. Whist in one chapter, écarté in another, lansquenet, piquet, &c. to follow. Luxurious apartments, with plenty of wax-lights and reflecting mirrors. Dry champagne and *foie gras* on the sideboard. Confederates all ready. Next of kin, showing his teeth more than ever, but putting a little restraint on his veins. First friend, the Mulligan, with a rich brogue and a copious supply of court-cards about his person. Second friend, a Jew money-lender. Third and humble friend, who does any more than usually dirty work, such as forgery and abduction. Enter duke and earls—they always hob-nob with these sort of people. Enter honest squire, late yeoman, who has just won the Derby, and does not see quite so straight as he did in the morning. Play begins. Squire loses—gets excited—backs his luck—loses more. Squire produces a huge roll of bank-notes, and offers to stake them. Confederates accept the challenge, but produce no bank-notes. Duke and earl try to dissuade squire—no use. Grand coup. Confederates win. Earl jumps forward, and finds a king in somebody's coat-cuff. Cards are thrown in his face. Table upset. General hullabaloo. Lights extinguished. Darkness and gnashing of teeth. Curtain.

From our recollection of Mr. Clarke's former books we must confess that we did not expect anything more than the most superficial delineation of human character, and the most material treatment of human feelings and human passions. For the future even these moderate expectations will be very considerably reduced. But we thought that he knew something about horses, and as he had selected a story which enabled him to introduce thoroughbreds and jockeys and races, and which turns, in fact, upon the great racing event of the year, we did expect a light, agreeable, even a picturesque sketch of the Derby day and the Derby. Mr. Clarke has favoured us with a description of the Two Thousand, as well as of the Derby, and as we have not offered a specimen of his style to our readers, we will give them his account of the great Newmarket race:—

The change came at the bottom of the ascent. A rank outsider began to creep up; Confederate was foiled in an attempt to get through his horses; the majority dropped behind one by one; and the race remained between four or five, of which Mosquito, Locomotive, the outsider, and Rasper, were the most conspicuous. Halfway up the hill, Mosquito "cut it," and the outsider challenged Locomotive. All eyes round the judge's stand were fixed on the two, who came on locked together; now one, now the other; the shunts were redoubled; twenty lengths from home, either's race, and both beginning to reel—blue, black—black, blue—as the whips clung round the sides of the beaten horses, when suddenly (as if the horse had dropped from the clouds, separated from the other two by a third the width of the course) a yell, such as could proceed only from the mouth of Mr. Harper, the toast-master of glorious memory, or a successful backer, was heard shouting, "Rasper, Rasper for a thousand; the favourite wins in a canter, by G—," at the moment that F—m, who had ridden him splendidly throughout, called upon him for a final effort, and cantered in a winner by a length.

The oath might have been omitted, for, according to our experience, those racing men who find it necessary to use such expressions keep them till the race is over and the money lost, so that they may have a more copious supply at command. But what strikes us in the above paragraph, in addition to its bad grammar—for instance, how can "a yell" be "heard shouting"?—is the extraordinary statement that a horse who has to be called upon for a final effort can yet win in a canter. The two things are incompatible. A final effort is the last of many previous efforts, and to be called upon for that implies that an able jockey, by great exertion and by measuring distance to a nicety, can just get an ounce or two more out of his horse, and turn defeat into victory. But such a victory turns on a hair, and it is ridiculous to talk about cantering in connexion with it. Mr. Clarke might as well write of a singer, "With a last faint gasp of breath he gave out the *ut de poitrine* with consummate ease."

We must protest against a most offensive habit which Mr. Clarke has acquired of introducing living persons by name into his works of fiction. In the book before us Admiral Rous is brought in several times under his well-known title of "The Admiral," and compliments are paid to his straightforward integrity which are quite unnecessary and, we should think, very little relished by the recipient. Fordham also comes in for his share of undesirable eulogy:—

Then Grindley Goodge looked at the jockey. For a minute or two he thought of the risk. Was it too late? and would a couple of thousand do? But he looked at him, and he saw in his eye an honesty and a resolution as great as Fordham's. He knew it was useless to run the risk.

There are plenty of jockeys equally true and honest as Fordham, and nothing can be in worse taste than to select one and plant him on an invidious eminence. Besides, the value of praise depends on the quality of the giver. Praise from Parnassus may confer immortal fame; praise from Grub Street is both cheap and nasty. As to mentioning the names of tradesmen, we must speak differently. Puffing is a lucrative business. Profit accrues, we believe, both to the puffer and to the puffed. We were aware that certain firms retained the services of a poet; hitherto we were ignorant that novelists were employed in like fashion. Mr. Clarke is kind enough to recommend us to tradesmen who can furnish us with

good *pâtes de foie gras*, with unexceptionable pomades and cosmetics, and with the largest and best Havannahs. We trust that his advocacy may be efficacious to them in the progress of their respective businesses; but, if we were asked our opinion, we should say without hesitation that we preferred the poet of Moses and Son to the novelist of Emanuel, Maradan Carson, Hudson and Carlin, and Goode of the Poultry.

CORRESPONDENCE OF MADAME DU DEFFAND.*

IT is barely two years since we had occasion to notice the *Complete Correspondence of Madame du Deffand*, edited by M. de Lescure, in two bulky volumes. The present work, which has grown since its first appearance in 1859 from two to three stout octavos, comprises only her correspondence with the Duchess of Choiseul, one of her best friends, who survived her only six weeks, though many years her junior, the Abbé Barthélémy, and a Mr. Craufurt, or Crawford (the editor insists on the former spelling being right), an Englishman, whose letters, about twenty-five in number, appear for the first time in this new edition. To M. de Sainte-Aulaire the task of editing has evidently been a labour of love, and for all purposes of reference these volumes are complete. A biographical notice of 132 pages is prefixed to the Correspondence, and we have, besides a copious index, a very full table of contents, giving the date of every letter and a summary of the topics touched upon in it. Yet we cannot but think that, for the general public, certainly for English readers, the work would have gained in interest if it had been compressed by judicious selection into one volume instead of being expanded into three. There is of course a certain interest attaching to whatever helps to illustrate the condition of French society during the critical period which preceded the outburst of the Revolution, and Madame du Deffand's career, who died in 1781 at the age of eighty-four, extends over a large portion of it. But she never occupied the leading position in the Parisian salons which, for instance, Madame Roland or Madame Récamier filled at a later date, and neither her character nor her intellect had depth enough to give much weight to her criticisms on men and things. Her letters are pervaded throughout by a vein of shallow and rather impatient scepticism, and a sense of profound *ennui*, which made her think, or fancy she thought, non-existence preferable to the weariness of any conceivable kind of life. And there is often a recklessness, and even mutual contradiction, in the various judgments she pronounces, which proves not only that she frequently wrote on the impulse of the moment, but that she cared far more to be brilliant than to be accurate or sincere. Indeed, there seems to have been very little reality in the friendships or the opinions of the *vieille débauchée d'esprit*, as Walpole named her on their first meeting, till the genuine interest and affection, as of a mother for her son, with which he inspired her evoked whatever latent elements of good a long career of aimless frivolity had left her. To the last she remained, what natural disposition and antecedents had combined to make her, a superficial, exacting, discontented woman; or, to repeat Walpole's description, "*exigeante* beyond all belief, not liking one to exist but for her, poisoning her days by suspicions and distrust, running the risk of repelling her friends by showing them the impossibility of satisfying her." In her own account of the difference between French and English character, which, like so much of her writing, expresses very happily what is not a very new idea, she, unwittingly perhaps, indicated one side of her own—its entire want of naturalness and simplicity. The passage is worth extracting for its own sake:—

Vous autres Anglais, lui écrit-elle un jour, vous ne vous soumettez à aucune règle, à aucune méthode . . . vous auriez tout l'esprit que vous avez, alors même que personne n'en aurait eu avant vous. Ah ! nous ne sommes pas comme cela ! Nous avons des livres sur l'art de penser, d'écrire, de comparer, de juger ! Nous sommes des enfants de l'art. Quelqu'un du parfaitement naturel chez nous devrait être montré à la foire, ce serait un phénomène.

That her nature had its better side also, Walpole was the first distinctly to recognise, and his influence upon her, both directly and indirectly, did much to develop it. The following passage, which occurs in a letter of his to Mr. Craufurt, who had been the means of introducing them to each other, for which she always expressed the liveliest gratitude, was written the year after they first met, and looks at least as if he thought his "good old woman" was more sinned against than sinning:—

Votre bonne vieille femme a pleuré comme un enfant avec feu ses pauvres yeux, à la lecture que je lui ai faite de votre lettre. Je ne m'en étonne pas. Elle est bonne, affectueuse, délicate et juste, si juste, que c'est pour moi un ennui de me voir forcé à combattre continuellement la bonté de son cœur et à détruire de vaines illusions qu'elle se fait sur l'amitié. "Ah mais," dit-elle "enfin, il ne parle pas de revenir!..." Je lui ai dit que si quelque chose pouvait vous ramener ici, vous ou moi, ce serait le désir de la voir. C'est ce que je pense à votre égard ; j'en suis bien sûr pour mon compte. Si j'avais prolongé mon séjour à Paris, je n'aurais appris qu'à les connaître plus à fond. La barbarie, l'injustice avec laquelle on traite cette bonne vieille amie est vraiment inimaginable. La plus méchante de ces pestes vient de mourir, madame de Lambert. Vous ne la regretterez pas. Madame de Fosalquier, j'en conviens avec vous, est de toutes ses relations la plus sincère, incapable de faire comme les autres, manger ses soupers quand elles ne peuvent se réunir dans une maison plus élégante, pour ensuite se moquer d'elle, la tromper et essayer de lui faire des ennemis de ceux qui se disent ses amis. Elles ont été jusqu'à faire que ce vieux radoteur de président la traite

* Correspondance Complète de Madame du Deffand avec la Duchesse de Choiseul, l'Abbé Barthélémy, et M. Craufurt. Publié avec une Introduction par M. le M^e de Sainte-Aulaire. Paris : Lévy Frères. 1867.

aujourd'hui comme un chien. Son neveu l'archevêque de Toulouse, je le vois bien, n'est pas plus attaché à elle que les autres ; mais j'espère qu'elle se fait à cet égard plus d'illusions que je ne m'en fais. Quant à madame de Choiseul, elle lui veut réellement du bien, je le crois. Cependant, peut-être est-ce encore une illusion. La princesse de Beauvau paraît sincère aussi ; mais je me défie un peu du prince. Vous pardonnerez ces détails sur une personne que vous aimez, et que vous avez tant de raison d'aimer. Je ne crains pas d'avouer que je m'intéresse moi-même extrêmement à elle. Pour ne rien dire de ses très-remarquables facultés, elle est assurément l'être le plus libéralement affectueux qui soit sur la terre.

There is nothing, as the editor has justly observed, in the newly-published letters he has brought to light, to reverse or modify our estimate of Madame du Deffand. On the contrary, they are in strict accordance with all that our previous knowledge of her would have led us to expect. For the most part her letters to Mr. Craufurt are taken up with matters of merely personal and ephemeral interest. Occasionally she indulges in more general criticisms, as in the following rather severe stricture on English undemonstrativeness, which recalls a very similar, but less vehement, utterance of opinion in one of her letters to Walpole:—

J'ai pleuré votre mort, et dans votre pays cela m'a donné un ridicule, parce qu'une des belles qualités des Anglais c'est de n'aimer rien, de ne pas croire à l'amitié, et d'en prendre toutes les démonstrations pour des faussetés, des affectations, etc. etc. Oh ! je suis bien revenue de mon angloamie. Vous ne valez pas mieux que nous, excepté en un seul point : vous vous laissez voir tels que vous êtes, et il faut aimer la vérité autant que je l'aime pour être bien aise de la rencontrer quoiqu'elle soit fâcheuse.

With this may be compared the following, from a subsequent letter, thanking him for "the extreme pleasure" which his "four lines from Dover" had given her:—

Mais vous autres, messieurs les Anglais, quoique sans fatuité, vous croyez aisément qu'on vous aime qu'on ne doit, et la crainte d'être obligés d'y répondre ou de devenir ingrats, vous rend tout commerce et correspondance ennuyeuses ou incommodes ; cela dit, parlons d'autres choses.

The chief interest of these letters to Mr. Craufurt, however, lies in the evidence they incidentally afford of the sincerity of her attachment to Walpole. The tone in which he is habitually spoken of, and her transparently genuine anxiety about his health, contrast strikingly enough with the cool and revolting *nonchalance* of her way of mentioning to him "a circumstance she had nearly forgotten, that Voltaire is dead"—Voltaire having been one of her most intimate and regular correspondents. Very different is the real eagerness she manifests for a few lines from her English friend, to relieve her distress at the notion that Walpole may be in trouble of mind at his nephew's death, or in sickness. That Walpole did not write to her nearly as often as her exacting and impatient temper prompted her to expect may be partly, no doubt, accounted for by the same reasons which led him in 1784 to get all the letters he had written her up to that date returned, and, four years later, to make her burn the rest. He was nervously apprehensive of being made ridiculous, though it is clear that he responded to her affection with a feeling quite as genuine, if not quite as tender, and his conduct towards her was scrupulously kind and considerate. But a lady who was in the habit of writing to her friends to console her for the trial of a sleepless night could hardly wonder if so multifarious a writer as Horace Walpole did not always answer her letters. "Elle le presse de venir la voir" is the main or only subject of several of these newly-published epistles.

Women are often more acute than men in their observation of little niceties of manner or character. In the following criticism of Gibbon's conversation, which we take from one of the few letters to Walpole included in these volumes, we certainly seem to recognise a peculiarity of his style in writing as well in talking:—

Je persiste à trouver beaucoup d'esprit à M. Gibbon ; mais serez-vous surpris si je vous dis qu'il frise un peu le ridicule par un trop grand désir de plaisir et par vouloir mettre un tour fin et léger à tout ce qu'il dit ? Je ne sais pas si je fais bien de vous dire cela, mais, malgré ce petit défaut, il me plaît beaucoup ; il m'est d'une grande ressource, et je suis fort aise du projet qu'il a de rester encore ici deux ou trois mois.

Elsewhere she says, what we can well believe, that Gibbon's conversation and manners "approach ours (the French) more nearly than any other foreigner's do." On reading his first volume she calls the style "très-académique."

Her last two letters to Mr. Craufurt, written between two and three years before her death, breathe throughout a tone of deep despondency, arising in great measure from an impression of being left alone in the world, and of "difference of age" (she was then over eighty) and other causes, precluding any hearty return of affection from her friends. There is something really touching, for it is evidently the expression of genuine feeling, in the closing paragraph of the last letter:—

Croyez, mon cher Craufurt, que je vous aime et vous aimerez toute ma vie, que je m'intéresse sincèrement à vous. Je suis persuadée que nous nous serions l'une à l'autre d'une grande consolation. Je suis aussi vaporseuse que vous, je vois tout en noir ; l'amitié me paraît une chimère ; c'est une raison pour n'être point aimé de faire connaître qu'on aime ; vous savez que je l'ai éprouvé. J'ai la triste consolation que mes ennuis ne dureront pas encore longtemps.

Vous me feriez beaucoup de plaisir de me donner souvent de vos nouvelles, mais je ne l'espérez pas ; c'est une fantaisie du moment qui vous a porté à m'écrire.

We cannot anticipate for M. de Sainte-Aulaire a wide circle of readers in this country. There are already such abundant materials, drawn from private as well as public sources, for aiding us to form an estimate of the political and social characteristics of the later days of the old French monarchy that, even were these letters as full of political interest as they are almost wholly devoid

of it, they would not be likely to add much to our existing stock of knowledge. But Madame du Deffand cared for none of those things. What she says, in one of her letters to Walpole, in reference to the American war applies to her way of looking at all political questions:—"Je me suis dite royaliste, je ne sais pas pourquoi! Peut-être par politesse pour l'ambassadeur; peut-être pour le plaisir de contredire, mais je ne pérore pas sur cette matière." Life was never to her a sufficiently serious affair for politics to be more than a game of chance to amuse the spectators. She thought little of what did not immediately affect her own taste or convenience. No doubt the very general prevalence in the higher Parisian society of the period of this kind of *dilettante*, selfish, half-cynical *insouciance* contributed its quota to the tide which was hurrying on the great catastrophe of 1789. But of that we had already evidence enough and to spare. The real interest of these letters, which however will carry very few readers though three bulky volumes, lies in another direction. They afford a curious study of the character, during the later years of her long life, of a cultivated Frenchwoman of brilliant wit, little earnestness or faith in anything, and somewhat free manners, who was rescued from moral as well as historical insignificance chiefly through the accident of her connexion with Walpole, commencing when she was already sixty-eight. But scarcely any of her letters to him are contained in these volumes. And, even if they were, the picture could at best only be a one-sided one, inasmuch as there is now no possibility of recovering his share of the correspondence.

THE WORKING-CLASSES.*

THE "working-man," as understood by those who discuss him in the newspapers or from the platform or pulpit, might be defined with tolerable accuracy as a man who works habitually in his shirt-sleeves, or in a flannel jacket, for weekly wages of 20s. or upwards. This is perhaps as nearly comprehensive as any definition can be. It is clearly not the amount of his income that is the essential point, for very many working-men receive two or three times the stipend of a curate. Nor is the roughness of the work important, for many of them are engaged in employments far more delicate than that of the sculptor. On the other hand, if his wages are below the sum we have mentioned, he has a tendency to sink into what is conventionally known as a labourer. The application of so comprehensive a term as "working-man" to so limited a class of those who work is often complained of on the plea that it imputes idleness to every other class. But such a question of nomenclature is not of any very great importance, provided that the class so denoted is really distinct from other classes, and is therefore in want of a special name. Now this, we conceive, is most strikingly the case with that very prominent object of the day—the working-man. On the one hand, he is sharply marked off from every grade of shopkeepers and their assistants. The volume before us offers abundant evidence of the somewhat ostentatious contempt which the artisans profess to feel towards what they call counter-skippers. On the other hand, there is not much danger of confounding the working-man proper with the labourer. Of this fact also the work in question gives ample evidence. Its author speaks somewhat compassionately of "the poor labouring-man, struggling to support his wife and family on 16s. or 18s. a week," and reminds his comrades that they may often be throwing him out of work, and thus doing him a real injury, by thoughtlessly taking a holiday without previous notice. There is often a simple and tolerably accurate means of finding out distinctions of class which are really fundamental. This is by observing the limits of epidemic influences; the line at which they stop often marks something approaching to a generic difference. It is, we believe, almost impossible to poison a sheep with true cattle-plague, or a monkey with cholera, or any but genuine Celts with Fenianism. So it is with strikes. Of the merits of these combinations we say nothing, but we believe it will be found that they scarcely ever break out except amongst the working-classes proper, and that their contagious influence generally stops short at the boundaries of those classes. If other people take it, which is very doubtful, it is only by infection. Whatever, then, may be the propriety of confining the term working-man to one class only of those who work, it is quite true that the class so designated has sufficient distinctive characteristics to enable it to be studied apart.

The volume before us, as the title implies, is intended to give the rest of the world some information about these working-men. The writer tells us that he is himself one of this class; to be specific, he is a journeyman engineer. He has laboured all his life in workshops, and has no expectation of ever doing anything else; and he possesses, therefore, abundant opportunities of becoming acquainted with all the habits and customs of his comrades. He appears to have performed his task in a very creditable way. The book is written in a plain straightforward style, and with an almost entire absence of humbug. It sets before us a very intelligible picture, and one which we may assume to be substantially correct, of the manners and habits of the classes whom he wishes to describe.

Those who expect to find in the book any extraordinary revelations, or illustrations of a moral standard of any peculiarly excellent or defective character, will be disappointed. The manners and habits of the working-men are, after all, very much

what any one might have inferred from a general knowledge of human nature, and of the circumstances under which the men in question have to live and work. The author puts his opinion of his fellows in a plain and probably truthful way when, after fully admitting some imputations of the kind for making which Mr. Lowe has been so ferociously abused, he says, "His faults and shortcomings all admitted, the average working-man of every-day life, when not misled by the mis-statements, or puffed up by the flatteries of self-seeking adventurers or ill-informed, injudicious friends, is, upon the whole, a pretty good fellow." He is a creature who need not excite any very great admiration on the one hand, nor any very great distrust on the other, but who succeeds according to his lights (we wish they were better) in making himself both useful and happy. Take a large body of Englishmen of imperfect education, collect them in masses in workshops, give them wages sufficiently large to enable them to live in rude plenty, and they will probably develop most of the characteristics of the ordinary workman. For some reason or other, the assemblage in large numbers of persons of very imperfect education tends to produce some extremely boyish qualities—witness the conduct of undergraduates in many of their pursuits; and so it seems to be with the working-classes. They appear to be addicted to a rude kind of horse-play, to be animated with an extreme suspicion and consequent antagonism toward every one who is in any way set over them, and to possess a strong disposition to stand by each other in most kinds of emergency. For politics they do not care much except when they happen to be excited by the fierce invectives of their Sunday newspaper; what they like is to be comfortable according to their standard, and what they hate above all things is to be meddled with, protected, or ruled over; in a word, they just want to be let alone. These, at least, are the sentiments of the writer of the book before us, and he professes to make himself to some extent the spokesman of his class.

The writer examines and describes his companions under several aspects—as members of trade-unions and benefit societies, in the workshop, and at their recreation on the Saturday and Sunday. We have only space to notice briefly one or two of these. The question of strikes and their consequences has been so prominent of late that most persons will be curious to know what an intelligent and thoughtful workman has to say about them, and about the trade-unions with which they are certainly so intimately connected. His remarks upon the subject are well worth attention. He gives a very interesting account of the Amalgamated Engineers—the union with which his own trade is connected—which now numbers considerably over 30,000 members, and has branches, not only in every part of England and Wales, but even amongst English workmen on the Continent, in America, Australia, and in New Zealand. One advantage which he claims for these unions ought certainly to be considerable in an economical aspect. It is that of utilizing to the utmost the labour of the members, by finding out where there is an opening for workmen at any time. Constant communication being kept up between the different branches, it is known at once where trade is brisk, and where work, in consequence, is to be found; to such places any workmen who are receiving weekly relief from the funds of the society, owing to their being out of employment, must go at once, on pain of forfeiting their allowance. They are, moreover, bound to accept the rate of wages current in the district to which they go, although it may be inferior to that which they have been in the habit of receiving in London. In answer to the frequent accusation that the trade-unions act tyrannically in inducing their members to refuse to work with non-society men, his retort is rather ingenious. "When a case occurs in which a number of working-men threaten to turn out against an unqualified man who is working for under wages—'here, my masters,' exclaim the opponents of trade-unions, 'is a case of tyranny and monopoly for you!' And perhaps it is; but would persevering solicitor's clerk, or a clever apothecary, who tried to force themselves into the legal or medical professions have fared any better at the hands of the qualified practitioners?" A similar plea is urged in defence of the regulation which forbids a workman to take lower wages than those current generally in the district; it is only a substitute, though a somewhat violent one, for the etiquette of the professions. On the matter of strikes we should suspect that the "Journeyman Engineer" is rather out of sympathy with his fellow-workmen, unless indeed the educated minority of the working-classes in general object to strikes. He considers that, though justifiable, and in extreme cases expedient, strikes are almost invariably mischievous, both to masters and to men; and he denounces in very vigorous terms the system by which they are too often instigated through the selfish efforts of agitators who wish to force themselves into notice.

There is one form of persecution to which some of the working-men appear to be exposed at the hands of their companions, and in which, if the account be true, we cordially sympathize with the sufferers. The agents in this annoyance are the tettot advocates, who appear to be rather numerous in workshops. The writer declares that they generally relapse after a time into their former habits, but since others then take their places and make examples of their predecessors, the race is always perpetuated. He gives an account of his experiences at one of their large meetings, to which he was induced to go on the solemn promise that if, after hearing what they there had to say, he should remain unconvinced, he was to be afterwards left in peace. This promise, however, seems not to have been very well kept.

* *Some Habits and Customs of the Working-Classes.* By a Journeyman Engineer. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1867.

A considerable portion of the book is occupied with an account of the way in which the working-man spends his Saturday evening, Sunday, and Monday; the two former of which are constantly, and the latter very frequently, enjoyed as holidays. Though still far short of his ideal of the millennium, in which he is to have "eight hours' sleep, eight hours' play, eight hours' work, and eight shillings pay," he appears to have no bad time of it on the whole, as regards opportunities of amusement. But on this topic we need not enlarge; the reader who has happened to find himself at the Crystal Palace on an Odd Fellows or Free Foresters' fete day, or at Brighton just when a London excursion train is disgorging its three-and-sixpenny contents, will be able to form a tolerably accurate conception of the working-man when he is taking his holiday.

On the whole, the book before us confirms the common-sense view that the working-men are no very extraordinary beings, and that there are no particular revelations to be made about them. At the same time it illustrates very clearly the fact that they are most distinctly a "class" in a sense which could hardly be asserted of any other numerous body in the country. We mean that they are thoroughly organized into societies of their own, that they have their own newspapers and their own places of resort, are imbued with a strong fellow-feeling, and regard themselves, more even than others regard them, as distinct from and even antagonistic to most other classes. Such a state of things as this is in many respects to be deplored. We do not know that any very serious consequences follow from it at present, but the existence of a large body of men with their own distinct aims and opinions is seldom a healthy ingredient in a nation. By its want of homogeneity it produces some of the disturbing effects of a distinct nationality. One can never feel quite certain how the alien body will act, or what convictions are spreading amongst its members. In the event of any great national crisis which should call for the united exertions of the whole people, it is quite possible that we might find a serious source of weakness in the amount of separation which exists between the working-class and the rest of the nation. From various causes there may be less of this separation than there once was, but there is still more of it than is satisfactory.

THOMAS SHILLITOE.*

THIS curious little book gives a glimpse of a state of manners and a way of thinking with which few of the higher classes are familiar, and whose existence they are apt to ignore. Thomas Shillitoe was, as we are informed in the preface, "one of the most remarkable of modern missionaries and philanthropists," and a desire has often been expressed for a memoir of his life. We confess never to have heard of the name of this remarkable philanthropist, and of course we could have no desire for a memoir of his life. We can only conjecture dimly that there is a world in which such ignorance would condemn us as decisively as, in literary or political circles, an unconsciousness of the existence of Mr. Tennyson or Mr. Disraeli. We can partly infer the character of the worshippers from the portrait of their hero; his work lay amongst the old-fashioned Dissenting sects, the obscure religious bodies which George Eliot has touched so skilfully in *Silas Marner* and *Felix Holt*; and he might in some respects have stood for an original of some of the simple-minded old ministers whom she describes. He came before the days of Exeter Hall and Missionary Societies and Teetotalism; and his activity, although considerable, made far less noise than it would at the present day. The spirit of religious advertisements and sensation meetings was still dormant, and the few friends or "brethren" to whom he addressed himself moved in quiet by-ways and country corners without attracting much notice from the world. Thomas Shillitoe, however, seems to have been a man with some natural powers which might have fitted him to be a rival of Whitfield or of Howard. His wanderings, in the course of his religious and philanthropic agitations, were considerable, and, if Mr. Tallack condescended to profane arts of writing, might have been made generally interesting. Unfortunately, the book suffers considerably from a characteristic inability to avoid preaching; good advice, Mr. Tallack seems to think, is always in season, and when plentifully sprinkled with texts may be properly intruded into the middle of any narrative. Also he clearly thinks it right that the story of a life devoted to religion should be flavoured with the usual religious circumlocution; he can't tell us that Shillitoe gave up a clerkship in London to become a shoemaker at Tottenham, after praying for divine guidance, without quoting the example of Jabez in the Book of Chronicles, who prayed that God would bless him and enlarge his coast, and keep him from evil that it might not grieve him. The parallel does not strike us as being particularly close, but it shows an accurate acquaintance with the Bible.

Setting this aside, Mr. Tallack has given us, more or less consciously, some picturesque touches from which a picture of this remarkable philanthropist may be constructed as he appeared to the outside world. He was the son of a publican, and being disgusted at the evils to which his position introduced him, he started, after one or two attempts, as a shoemaker. He had previously joined the Quakers, and showed the characteristic capacity of the sect for getting on well in the world. He made enough by his busi-

ness to have secured a small competence by the time he was fifty, which was near the beginning of this century, and then resolved to give up his trade and become an itinerant preacher. He had a full share of the mysticism of his creed, and supposed himself to be guided in this and subsequent proceedings by the inward light. Indeed, from Mr. Tallack's statements it would appear that his temperament was so excitable and nervous, to speak in the mildest terms, that he was not a difficult subject for religious hallucinations. He occasionally ran whilst crossing London Bridge, for fear that it should give way under him; he was afraid of being mistaken for the actor in a notorious murder of the time; he remarks in his journal, "Twice I was confined to my bed from the sudden sight of a mouse." On other occasions, as Mr. Tallack rather coolly informs us, "his feelings were so morbid, that he would fancy himself a teapot for weeks together, and be in dread, when persons came close to him, lest they should break him." It is not at all surprising that a gentleman who supposed himself to be a teapot, and acted with such consistency upon the hypothesis, should also fancy that his journeys were directed by divine intimations; though it is rather odd that other persons should regard such intimations as possessing much claim to respect. However, in obedience to them he gave up his business, and wandered over a great part of England on foot, besides making excursions to the Continent and to America, endeavouring to propagate the doctrines of Quakerism and teetotalism, and exhorting to the observance of the Sabbath and the reform of prisons. His pedestrianism appears to have been remarkable; he would, as an old man, walk twenty miles a day for a long time together, and occasionally thirty or forty. His health was excellent, partly perhaps in consequence of this change to an active from a sedentary life, although he himself attributed his improvement to a total abstinence from meat and liquors. He preached with unremitting zeal to all sorts of persons, from the Emperor of Russia and the King of England down to the inhabitants of Prussian gaols and Irish public-houses, and his biographer expresses the opinion that his preaching did a great deal of good. We confess that some of the stories which he relates rather qualify our belief in the advantage of this desultory religious wandering. That Shillitoe supposed himself to be following apostolic precedents is highly probable; but gentlemen who sometimes fancy that they are teapots, and also believe their fancies to be inspired, may not be quite so prudent as St. Paul. A better judgment might have suggested to Shillitoe that good might be done in making shoes at Tottenham as well as in rambling over Northern Germany, Denmark, and Norway. He could not talk a single word of any language but English. Yet at a remote place in Norway we are told that he preached to a collection of peasants a thoroughly practical, vigorous, plain-spoken sermon. "The people," we are told, "listened attentively," that is, they stared intensely at an English shoemaker preaching in his own language to them—as well they might. Soon afterwards he preaches a sermon to a set of prisoners at Spandau, in Prussia; and "several years" later was assured by a Prussian magistrate that his sermon had produced real and lasting results for good. On the very next page we are told that he was intensely delighted with the attention of the convicts at Sing Sing in New York. Here Mr. Tallack remarks that Shillitoe must have been deceived, because at the time of his visit, as it afterwards turned out, Sing Sing was scandalously mismanaged. But if he was taken in at Sing Sing, what reason have we for supposing that his own evidence about his own preaching was more reliable in the case of Spandau, where he and his audience could not understand a word without an interpreter, especially recollecting that it is the evidence of a self-styled teapot? We take this to be a very neat example of the uncritical mode of treating missionary narratives.

Other less ambiguous feats of Shillitoe's are recorded in the volume. He talked to the Emperor Alexander, who was characteristically affected by the conversation. He succeeded in giving a letter to George IV. when Prince Regent, by running after him on the Brighton Downs, in which he said, amongst other things, that he was always grieved to hear of one of the Prince's extravagant entertainments; and, wonderful to relate, a dinner party of the Prince's was put off next day. Moreover, he called upon George IV. after his accession, and such was his eloquence that "it is said" that the King upon his death-bed called out, "Oh, that Quaker! that Quaker!" In a humbler way, Mr. Shillitoe succeeded in getting bull-baiting put down in a place in Ireland by calling upon the Protestant Bishops; and he made a minister in the South of France very uncomfortable about playing bowls on a Sunday afternoon. In America, we regret to say, his preaching does not appear to have been so clearly beneficial. Indeed, in an address to certain Indians, he "unintentionally, but virtually, endorsed the root principle of Hickism." The Hicksite doctrine, we may remark, is described as that of "heathen salvation through innate ideas." The principal fact quoted in support of it is, we are happy to announce, "utterly spurious and fictitious." It is a story told in the early editions of Bewley's *Apology*, that one Hai Eban Yodkan, who being accidentally brought up on a desert island by a wild roe, and deprived of all communication with his race, attained to "a profound knowledge of God" by silent abstraction. This silent abstraction was produced by "rapid evolutions of his body." He shut his eyes, stopped his ears, and whirled round till outward perception was withdrawn, and when found after fifty years by a Mahomedan stranger it appeared that he had discovered by this singular logical process all about the creed revealed in the

* Thomas Shillitoe, the Quaker Missionary and Temperance Pioneer. By W. Tallack. London: S. W. Partridge. 1867.

Koran. This story should apparently prove the truth of Mahomedanism, but somehow it was perverted to the support of the Hicksites, and Mr. Tallack is very glad to prove it spurious. We certainly agree with him that it was a weak foundation for a creed, though possibly the Hicksites might have had some further arguments to allege.

We need not inquire whether Shillitoe was or was not tainted with Hicksite error. There is a good deal in his story at which it is impossible to avoid smiling, whilst at the same time we respect the simplicity and quaintness of his enthusiasm. He never got into any particular trouble beyond being locked up for a night at Hamburg; but he preached with great persistency, and without an undue quantity of discretion. If rather bigoted, he certainly helped in a very modest way to break the ground for some important reforms, and was a quaint and picturesque figure of a rapidly expiring type. Some of his successors have been less amusing and a good deal more offensive.

ANNE OF SAXONY.*

OVER the graves of some of the actors in modern as well as in ancient history, the wrangle of conflicting political and religious parties will never cease. Among these vexed spirits may be reckoned nearly all the more prominent royal and princely champions of early Protestantism. Queen Elizabeth will have her assailants and defenders long after the last document has been disentombed from the vaults of Simancas. William of Orange will remain the type of silent heroism to some, and the embodiment of secret perfidy to others, until the millennium of Dr. Döllinger has arrived. The memory of Maurice of Saxony, who betrayed his kinsman for the sake of his lands, and his Emperor in the name of Protestant independence, is still revered in the cloisters of Meissen and Schulpforta; and many a Saxon Froude has employed his industry and ingenuity in celebrating the glories of that distinguished sinner. Maurice's brother and successor, the Elector Augustus, is, on the other hand, one of those characters of whom it is difficult even for the most patriotic historian to write with any but the most temperate admiration. His vices as well as his virtues were those of a clear-headed and cold-blooded dynast. If he added to the territories which the unscrupulous audacity of his brother had secured to his line, it was merely by way of a succession of small and convenient annexations. If, during his long reign, he increased to an important degree the wealth and prosperity of his Electorate, it was by a series of measures well and sagaciously devised, but carried out with neither the rapidity nor the striking success of epoch-making reforms. If he was a mainstay of the orthodox Lutheran faith, it was only after a half-unconscious encouragement of Crypto-Calvinism that he found out what the Lutheran faith actually called upon him to believe. Nor were his private virtues such as to endear his name to his people, and to attach to it one of those epithets which the Saxons are in the habit of bestowing so liberally upon the more popular among their monarchs. He may have been a good husband to the faithful consort who bore him fifteen children, but six weeks after her death he stood at the altar with another bride. He was not a toper like his illustrious grandson, John George I., that worthy descendant of "the Duke of Saxony's nephew" immortalized by Portia; but he loved his cups with an ungenial affection. On the other hand, his conduct towards his wards of the elder (Ernestine) branch has not received at the hands of Albertine historians the measure of ignominy which it merits. For it was nothing less than a dastardly spoliation of the orphans placed under his care; and it contributed, scarcely less than the original crime of Maurice, to nurture in the lion-brood of the Weimar brothers that desperate spirit of revenge which, in Bernhard the Great, culminated in the betrayal of Germany to the national enemy.

Yet the Elector Augustus, however greatly his hard and unvarying selfishness may arouse our antipathy, was one of those princes who, as instruments in the hand of a higher power, become a blessing to the nations over which they rule. For three-and-thirty years he held sway over the Electorate of Saxony, and, with the exception of the feuds which followed upon his accession, and the acts of religious oppression inseparable from the prevailing system of leaving the faith of subjects to be dictated by the changing or maturing convictions of their sovereign, his reign was one of unbroken peace and prosperity. Under Augustus, Saxony laid the foundations of that material wealth which even the Thirty Years' War was unable utterly to destroy, and which, after the conflagration had ended, revived upon its ancient bases. Had Saxony not been so rich and prosperous at the time when that war broke out, it may be doubted whether either prince or people would have so long and tenaciously clung to the policy of peace from which the genius of Gustavus Adolphus alone forced them to stir. An earlier participation of Saxony in the war would doubtless have involved that of the neighbouring Electorate of Brandenburg, and German hands might have overthrown the tottering Empire without the assistance of foreign enterprise and enthusiasm. On the other hand, had Augustus not worked so long and so successfully to make Saxony a busy hive of industry and commerce, her prosperity must have been ruined for a very long period by the war when it engulfed her in its vortex; and she would have been unable to rise so soon after its termina-

tion as a State able to sustain the second and scarcely less hard trial imposed by the reckless prodigality and senseless impolicy of its own rulers.

The Elector Augustus, one of the most autocratic of patriarchal princes, is himself, by the general consent of historians, believed to have been ruled by his wife. The Electress Anne, daughter of King Christian III. of Denmark—"Mother Anne," as her subjects loved to call her—has long enjoyed a reputation for conjugal power which appears to lack any basis of evidence. The indefatigable zeal of Dr. von Weber, the Director of the Royal Archives at Dresden, has recently placed before the world a picture of the life and doings of this princess which, as to completeness of detail, may boldly defy competition. The learned archivist is so perfect an incarnation of the virtue of conscientiousness that we cannot refuse to credit his statement that he has examined the entire correspondence of the Electress Anne preserved at Dresden, and amounting to the lively total of 22,000 MS. letters. Of these above 11,000 are in the handwriting of the indefatigable lady herself. This, it may be added, was in the reign of a prince to whom, according to another historian, are due the first "extremely rude beginnings" of the postal system of Saxony. Dr. von Weber has digested this endless mass of correspondence under several heads, quoting from the original letters at a length which makes his book unreadable as a whole, but contriving at the same time to give a very entertaining picture of the life of a German housewife in the sixteenth century. This biography cannot pretend to be more than a collection of descriptive details, and the only chapter likely to interest the historical student is that which treats of Anne's relations to matters ecclesiastical, to church and school. It was in these matters that the influence of the Electress upon her husband was believed to have been especially active; whereas it now appears that, like him, she only drifted with the current, being successively carried away by the blast of various doctrines—whether vain or not, those may determine in whom the religious conflicts of that age arose any feeling beyond that of amazement at their hopeless sterility.

The Elector Augustus, as a member of the House of Saxony, and the Electress Anne, as a Danish princess, had been brought up as strict Lutherans, and were incapable of conceiving of salvation as attainable outside the pale of their Church. Meanwhile, however, and apparently unobserved by the Court, the University of Wittenberg, the stronghold of pure Lutheranism, had, under the disciples of Melanchthon (not Melanchthon himself) lapsed into Calvinistic teaching. The *Wittenberg Catechism*, published in 1571, contained a very ambiguous version of the Lutheran doctrine of the Eucharist; and the Elector Augustus, though at first declaring himself "unable to understand or believe" that Calvinistic doctrine was contained therein, found himself obliged to demand an explanation from the Wittenberg theologians, "if possible on one sheet of paper." He was so fully satisfied, that he immediately imposed the *Consensus Dredensis*, drawn up in the same year, as a binding form of doctrine upon all the clergy—and no fewer than 111, who refused to sign, were driven into exile. The Crypto-Calvinists, as they were called, had gained a victory; but it was not destined to be of many years' duration. In the year 1574 Augustus' eyes were opened to the false doctrine which he and his wife had innocently believed to be orthodox—the Electress having extended especial favour to its most active champion, the physician Dr. Caspar Peucer, Melanchthon's son-in-law. It now appeared, from intercepted letters, that a deep-laid plan had existed to poison the minds of the Electoral couple with rank Calvinism. It was discovered that Peucer had sent to the Court-preacher a Calvinistic Prayer-book, requesting him, if the opportunity should present itself, to recommend it to the illustrious personages among the Electoral ladies; "for," he had insolently added, "if we can only gain Mother Anne over to our opinion, we shall have no difficulty in securing the Elector." Anne was thrown into the most vehement consternation. She attributed the death of her infant son to the wrath of Heaven, the arch-Calvinist Peucer having been allowed to act as godfather at the child's baptism. The offender was thrown into prison, and for a time his life seemed in danger. The crusade against the Crypto-Calvinists now commenced in hot earnest, and in truth constitutes one of the most humiliating episodes in the annals of petty religious persecution. Many theologians were thrown into prison, more sent into banishment, and even torture was employed to wring out a confession of doctrines which the Elector had himself formerly sanctioned in unconscious ignorance. The *formula concordie*, published in 1580, appeased his qualms of conscience, and re-established orthodoxy in his dominions.

No coherent account is given of these events by Dr. von Weber, who declines to do more than illustrate the religious conflicts of the day from the correspondence of the Electress. He is more at his ease in previous chapters of his work, in which he discourses with endless zest on the domestic economy of his heroine. Under her the Saxon Court appears to have been a general bureau for inquiries and information on the subjects of food and dress. Orthodoxy, after all, only held the second place in the mind of Anne; and religious symbols cannot have occupied her attention as largely as culinary receipts. The chapter on "Kitchen and Cellar" will be read with a feeling akin to horror, even by those gifted with the most robust and aldermanic of appetites. The truth is that the grossness which characterized the age of the Reformation cannot be understood without a reference to its *menu*. The full-blooded beauties of the Court of Henry VIII. which confront our degenerate age in Holbein's portraits could not have

* *Anne Churfürstin zu Sachsen.* Nach archiv. Quellen von Dr. K. von Weber. Leipzig: 1865.

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made so much of life, and so little of death, had it not been for the beef and beer on which they supported their redundant energies. But the Electress Anne appears before us as a cook rather than as a consumer of rich meats. As a girl of eleven, she writes to her brother that "with the help of God she hopes at all events to be able to cook what will serve him for a meal, were it even only half a score of fieldfares." There is no irony in the offer, which merely promises what then amounted to an equivalent for the mutton-cutlet of our own days. Anne's idea of a real feast may be gathered from the *menu* of the dinner which she provided for the christening of the infant of her daughter and William of Orange, and which was composed of ninety-two dishes, nearly all of an extremely substantial nature. But we forbear to dwell any further on these revolting details, in which the excellent editor absolutely revels. His notes on the drinking in vogue at Dresden are equally voluminous, but they suffer from the fact, already referred to, that Augustus and his Court were far surpassed by John George, the *immanis bœua* of whom the author of the *Iter Germanicum* has left us so graphic an account.

There is an interesting chapter on the pleasures of the chase, so long the pride and glory of the princes of a State "where now the age and abode of nearly every head of game still hiding in the depths of the forest is known to the gamekeeper, where to every stag the year of his death is fixed in advance, where as a rule the peaceful hare alone is yet pursued, and it is an occasion of triumph to have succeeded in slaying a cunning fox." Anne's exertions on behalf of horticulture and farming are also enumerated at length; and the domestic amusements of the Court are treated of in full. Augustus and Anne were not in advance of their contemporaries in this latter respect, and took delight in jesters, dwarfs, and even idiots, to an almost incredible extent. Science was cultivated by alchymists and astrologers; but also by physicians, a class at that time rising into eminence. Among the leading physicians at Dresden was Dr. Paul Luther, the son of the Reformer. Anne herself—like many great ladies of the time, in England and elsewhere—was an expert medical practitioner, and there appear to have been few animal, vegetable, or mineral substances which she failed to put to some medicinal purpose or other. She was altogether a most active and untiring housewife; and if it was her biographer's object to prove her such, he has doubtless succeeded, even at the risk of wearying the patience of readers not gifted with his own omnivorous appetite for details. That the Electress Anne is an interesting personage in history, or to any appreciable extent influenced the political and religious life of the Saxon people under her husband's cold but sagacious rule, we take leave to doubt, notwithstanding her fifteen children, her eleven thousand letters, and her innumerable cookery-receipts.

GRUNER'S SCRIPTURE PRINTS FROM THE VATICAN.*

PROFESSOR GRUNER is well-known in England as a most highly-accomplished artist, and any work edited by him would command and receive a hearty welcome. More particularly would this be the case if the pictures introduced to us upon Mr. Gruner's responsibility represented Scriptural subjects. For there is no limit to the appetite of the English religious public for pictorial illustrations of the Bible. Above all, when the Scripture pictures in question are nothing less than the famous and familiar frescoes of Raffaelle from the Loggia of the Vatican, it seems altogether superfluous for the volume containing them to be heralded with an introductory flourish of trumpets from a clerical writer. Still, an editorial preface might be very interesting and very instructive. And when we first saw at full length on the title-page that the writer of the preface—the Rev. Charles H. H. Wright, M.A., the British Chaplain at Dresden—belongs both to Trinity College, Dublin, and to Exeter College, Oxford, and that, besides a volume of (apparently) mystical theology, if we may judge by its title, he is the author of editions of the Hebrew text of the Book of Genesis, and of the Hebrew and Chaldee texts of the Book of Ruth, with critical and grammatical commentaries, we confess that our expectations were rather highly excited. But a complete disappointment awaited us. Mr. Wright's preface occupies little more than one page of letterpress—to be sure it is of elephant folio, or some such sized sheet. And, of the eight paragraphs which we owe to his learned pen, two are devoted to a kind of mock apology for his undertaking the task at all. He tells us that he consents to "introduce" this work "to the English public," "not only because of the intrinsic value of the work itself, but also on account of the esteem in which he holds its talented editor." And he concludes—"It affords me much pleasure to recommend this work to the lovers of religious art in Great Britain and elsewhere. The only hesitation I feel in doing so is, first, that I do not think the work needs any recommendation; and, secondly, that I fear my feeble commendation will serve it but little. The publishers, however, have considered that such a commendatory notice might be useful, and I defer my judgment to their opinion." If the publishers thought, as they well might, that it would be useful to give some information as to the date and particulars of Raffaelle's Loggia frescoes—to specify the painters associated with the great master in these works, and to state which twelve of the original fifty-two have

been omitted in this series, and for what reason—their wishes have not been carried out by the literary editor whose name is paraded on the title-page in so imposing a manner. Mr. Wright does not even condescend to quote from Kugler or from Murray's Guide-book a description of the building in which these frescoes were painted, or an account of the circumstances under which they were executed. This omission is very greatly to be regretted. In fact, the present volume, in spite of Mr. Wright's assertions as to its artistic value (to which we shall have occasion to recur) is to be regarded rather as a book of Sunday pictures than as a reproduction of the noble series of the frescoes of the Vatican Loggia. No lover of art need buy this book, for example, in the hope of finding a perfect record of the fine designs which he remembers on the cupolas of the open galleries of the Court of St. Damasus. Twelve of the groups are altogether omitted; and we are not told which of them have been passed over. But the preface states that Mr. Gruner's selection "has been made with special reference to the religious taste of the English public." Such selection may or may not be judicious, with a view to the devotional use of these Biblical illustrations; but it is plainly better to omit a group altogether than to mutilate it. Yet even this process, we find, has been resorted to. It is added:—"Representations of God the Father have been avoided, either by substituting clouds, where possible, or by passing over those frescoes which did not admit of this treatment." Some light is thrown on this matter by the statement in the preface that this series was originally planned, and indeed partly executed, under Mr. Hope Scott's superintendence, with a distinctly religious object. It was thought, seemingly, that such a publication would tend "to promote a feeling for the higher principles of art in their application to the service of religion." Mr. Hope Scott, however, left the work incomplete. It has now been finished by Professor Gruner, who had been from the first the responsible manager of the undertaking in its artistic aspect.

Granting to the full the expediency of substituting Raffaelle's bold and masterly drawings of certain Scripture scenes for the debased art which has too commonly been thought good enough in England for religious pictures, we have at the same time, in the interests of art, to protest against the inadequate representation of the finest works of the great masters. The problem to be worked out in such a series as the one before us is how to combine really good drawing and engraving with such cheapness of price as may enable the pictures to obtain a considerable circulation among those for whose special benefit the work is designed. Mr. Gruner claims to have solved this practical difficulty. The prints now issued in this series have been drawn, under his immediate superintendence, by a Roman draughtsman, Signor N. Consoni. These have been lithographed, by other hands, on a very considerable scale. We should have been glad to know, by the way, what the exact scale is. In appearance these plates more nearly resemble wood-engravings than lithographs. The outlines are firmly and boldly drawn, reproducing fairly well the noble simplicity of the original designs. The shading is hatched in strong lines, some of the high lights being touched in white. On the whole, the plates are very effective, and give a very fair idea of the originals. Not that we are always satisfied with Signor Consoni's drawing. Many serious defects of anatomy could be pointed out, and the subjects themselves are not equally well treated in the originals. Indeed, although the general design was doubtless due to Raffaelle, it is well known that, as Kugler says, "there is little by his own hand in these works." It would not have detracted from the interest of Mr. Gruner's lithographs if the "Raph. Sanctio pinxit," which is added to the foot of each plate, had been supplemented with the name of the particular pupil who is believed to have executed the work from his master's drawing. Thus, for example, Giulio Romano, Perino del Vaga, Pellegrino da Modena, Francesco Penni, and others, are known to have been engaged in this remarkable series.

The four original designs which described the Creation have been wholly omitted from the present volume; nor does the picture of the Fall find its place here, although the Eve therein, one of the most famous of Raffaelle's conceptions, is believed to have been painted by his own hand. The Expulsion from Paradise, and the exquisite group of Adam's family after the expulsion, are the representatives of Giulio Romano's four pictures in the second cupola. On the other hand, all four subjects from the history of Noah are given, though the Deluge and the Escape from the Ark are not by any means the most satisfactorily treated of the series, especially in the delineation of the animals that are introduced. "Raffaelle's Bible"—as these frescoes have been called—selected its subjects very arbitrarily. From the Deluge we jump to Abraham's payment of tithes to Melchizedek, and his reception of the Three Angels—one of the most beautiful groups ever composed. Lot's Escape from Sodom, the Blessing of Jacob by his Father, and the subsequent Blessing of Esau, follow in order. Next we have the Vision of Jacob's Ladder, the new covenant of that patriarch for Rachel after Laban had given him Leah, and—out of the proper place—his first meeting with Rachel. The sheep are extremely ill-drawn in the last two prints; and it is curious that the painter, when describing the watering of the flock in the desert, should have represented the background as occupied by two broad rivers. Jacob's Return to Canaan, Joseph's Dream, and his sale to the Midianitish caravan, carry on the series. It is noticeable how little the idea of the true form of a camel was realized by the Italian painters of Raffaelle's time. Mr. Gruner curtails the history of Joseph; and, after the

* *Scripture Prints from the Frescoes of Raphael in the Vatican.* Edited by Lewis Gruner, with an Introductory Preface by the Rev. Charles H. H. Wright, M.A. London: Houlston & Wright. 1866.

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scene of his interpretation of Pharaoh's Dream, hurries to the finding of Moses among the bulrushes. The passage of the Red Sea—a curiously conventionalized representation—the Striking of the Rock at Horeb, the Giving of the Law on Sinai, the idolatrous worship of the Golden Calf, and the appearance of the Cloudy Pillar at the door of the Tabernacle, are all extremely interesting designs as specimens of drawing, but are strangely wanting in sublimity of conception. But Raffaello seems to have been fond of the Israelitish history; for he further gives the delivery of the Law by Moses to the People, and the Passage of the Jordan by the Ark, besides the Fall of Jericho, and the miracle of the Sun standing still at the command of Joshua. After the Partition of the Holy Land by lot, the series goes on to the Anointing of David, the Death of Goliath, the Triumph of David, the Anointing of Solomon, the Wise Judgment of Solomon, and the Queen of Sheba's visit. Finally, the Old Testament subjects conclude with a representation of the building of the Temple. To the New Testament only four subjects were allotted. They are all most beautiful designs, and are all given in the volume before us. It is doubtful whether they were the work of Giulio Romano, or of Perino del Vaga; but they seem to us more like the work of the latter painter than of his more famous fellow-pupil. They represent the Nativity, the Adoration of the Wise Men, Our Lord's Baptism, and the Last Supper. We augur for this book a large and remunerative sale, but its purchasers will be those who are glad to have some not inadequate religious pictures for use in their nurseries and schoolrooms. Those who care more for art itself than for religious teaching by means of art will do well to seek some other illustrations of the frescoes of the Loggia. While we cannot say that we think these lithographs wholly satisfactory in an artistic point of view, we can give Mr. Gruner the credit of having provided in this series the best religious pictures that we have yet seen.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE opening of the Paris Exhibition has suggested, amongst other useful things, a publication which ought to meet with great success. It is a series of reports or *comptes-rendus* of the progress made by France in the various departments of science, literature, and art. Under the First Empire a similar scheme was devised, and some of the most eminent men of the day contributed to it. Marie Joseph Chénier, Cuvier, Daunou, and Laplace, are no more; but their mantle has fallen on successors worthy of them, and the first three *fasciculi* which have reached us speak well for the general character of the whole work. M. Delafosse, a member of the Académie des Sciences, discusses the subject of mineralogy, taking it up at the point where the celebrated Abbé Haüy had left it; he gives an account of the principal discoveries, and reviews the leading publications referring to that particular science, and the result shows that for the last twenty years the advance made by French mineralogists and crystallographers has been very remarkable.* M. J. Bertrand deals with mathematical analysis. He begins by enumerating the illustrious successors of Lagrange and Laplace, such as Ampère, Poisson, Cauchy, and Fresnel. To these succeeded in their turn Messrs. Sturm, Liouville, and Chasles, the last two of whom are still carrying on the work left by their great forerunners. M. Bertrand remarks that the theory of imaginary functions, completely renewed and remodelled by Cauchy, is the branch of high mathematics which has made the greatest progress. It is a matter for regret that some of the most promising savants in that special walk of science should have been prematurely struck down by the hand of death; among others, M. Edmond Bour, who published a striking disquisition on the theory of surfaces, containing developments of an important theme which Lagrange had only summarily pointed out.† The applications of science to the uses of everyday life deserved also a place in this series of reports. M. Le Roy de Méricourt contributes a suggestive and well-written essay on the progress of naval hygiene. Since the introduction of steam as a motive power, we may say that the whole system of ship architecture has undergone a thorough revolution. Ventilation, food, clothing, sanitary precautions of various kinds viewed in their relation to the navy, have vastly improved; and whilst the diseases peculiar to seafaring men are accurately traced to their causes, great attention has also been given to the discovery and application of preventive and remedial measures.‡

M. Littré is certainly a wonder of industry and perseverance. Not satisfied with compiling single-handed one of the most stupendous lexicons that have ever been published, he finds time to enrich the *Journal des Débats* and the *Journal des Savants* with valuable essays on archaeology and literature. Livraisons 14 and 15 of the *Dictionnaire de la Langue Française* have appeared §, distinguished by the same completeness, the same method, and the same variety of information, which we have had already to notice in speaking of the first volume. Questions of grammar and of lexicography are here fully discussed; but that is not all. *A propos* of almost every word, we find historical

* *Rapport sur les Progrès de la Minéralogie.* Par G. Delafosse. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *Rapports sur les Progrès les plus récents de l'Analyse Mathématique.* Par J. Bertrand. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

‡ *Rapport sur les Progrès de l'Hygiène Navale.* Par A. Le Roy de Méricourt. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

§ *Dictionnaire de la Langue Française.* Par E. Littré. Livraisons 14 and 15. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

allusions explained, scientific facts elucidated, and details mentioned referring to the various arts and sciences. M. Littré's dictionary is quite a cyclopædia. Thus, under the title *Inquisition*, he gives us a short summary of the leading particulars connected with that terrible tribunal; and the word *Imposition* suggests a note on the amount of the French taxes during the reigns of Charles VII. and Louis XI.

M. Littré begins his volume on mediæval literature with a kind of apology for Positivism.* The articles he collects from time to time, and reproduces in a more permanent shape after having contributed them to sundry periodicals, may seem to the ordinary reader without much relation to one another; but they really are the expressions of a well-defined idea, and constitute part of a predetermined plan. That such should be the case is due, our author says, to Positivism. With all respect for M. Littré, we must, however, remark that method, lucidity of arrangement, and order are not the inheritance of Auguste Comte's disciples exclusively; and we know of many a clear-headed, logical, and disciplined philosopher who would repudiate the idea of being mistaken for a Positivist. Another observation which M. Littré's preface suggests is that, if Positivism is the science *par excellence*, if there is in a certain sense no salvation out of the pale of that highest philosophy, it seems very hard that the golden age of true knowledge should have begun only in these latter days, and that the world should have so long remained buried in gross ignorance. Let us, however, speak rather of the special subject of the book which M. Littré has just published. An introduction on the general character of the middle ages considered from the different points of view of politics, religion, and literature, is followed by eight essays which were originally so many reviews of distinct works, but which, as a whole, give an excellent summary of mediæval civilization. M. Littré's ideal of truth is, we need hardly say, diametrically opposed to that which was adopted during the middle ages; at the same time the period included between the establishment of the Carlovingian Empire and the Reformation of the sixteenth century was, he considers, a necessary stage in the history of the world, and an epoch of progress as compared with the times which immediately preceded it. Far, therefore, from being denounced as a period of gross darkness and of unmitigated barbarism, it must be studied in a sympathetic manner and praised for the good which it accomplished. Thus far M. Littré's views are a decided improvement upon the rabid denunciations which were once freely indulged in by ignorant and prejudiced critics. We must also praise the composition and style of his volume. The summaries which introduce each chapter are extremely well done, and are useful as guides to the contents of the book.

From M. Littré to M. A. Franck the transition is one of contrast, not of similarity. We said just now that, if the Positivist philosophy is sound, then the fate of individuals and communities that have never been under its influence is deplorable indeed. Fortunately the major of the proposition is disputable, and M. Franck, in his study entitled "Auguste Comte et le Positivisme," forcibly contends that the triumph of the vaunted new system of religion would be the destruction of liberty, and therefore of morality. This essay forms part of a remarkable volume just brought out †, which deserves on many accounts the attention of impartial readers. Generally speaking, when either theologians or freethinkers discuss the relations existing between revelation and reason, they begin by assuming that their respective opinions are irrefutable, and, what is more, that the triumph of the one necessarily implies the destruction of the other. M. Franck proceeds far differently. Religion and metaphysics are, he says, two irreducible quantities, and every attempt to blend them together must fail; but, whilst philosophy claims the right of estimating the results which the evolutions of religious thought produce in the world, it cannot take the place of the doctrines it criticizes, nor substitute its own authority for that which it has endeavoured to dethrone. Such, in a few words, is the leading idea developed by M. Franck in his *recueil* of articles. As for the essays themselves, they are of the most varied and interesting description, including such subjects as scepticism amongst the Greeks, the rationalism of the present century, the doctrines of the Bábys, Spinoza and M. Salvador, M. Caro and M. Rodrigues. The *Études Orientales* of M. Franck, his essays on Saint Martin and on the mediæval reformers, are worthily followed by this new volume.

The work of the late M. Ampère, entitled *L'Histoire Romaine à Rome* ‡ is well known. The idea of studying Roman history in the Eternal City itself, and of examining each fact, so to say, with the help of surrounding monuments, was an original one, and, worked out by such a man as M. Ampère, it could not but be very successful. The gifted author, however, did not feel satisfied with what he had done. No sooner had he finished his primitive sketch, and brought it down to the establishment of the Empire, than he set about re-writing it from beginning to end; new travels were undertaken, fresh researches made, and a more developed work was projected in which a large space should be assigned to the fine arts, and especially to antiquarian details. It is to be regretted that death prevented M. Ampère from completing his modified plan. Four chapters alone of the period commencing with the Empire exist, as corrected and revised; they have been published by M. Gustave Servois in two

* *Les Barbares et le Moyen Âge.* Par E. Littré. Paris: Didier.

† *Philosophie et Religion.* Par A. Franck. Paris: Didier.

‡ *L'Empere Romain à Rome.* Par J. J. Ampère. Paris: Lévy.

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octavo volumes, together with some detached fragments composed for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The work takes us down to the end of the Empire, but, for the reasons we have stated, the various parts of which it consists are not equally developed.

It was not history alone, however, nor the classical glories of Rome, that occupied M. Ampère's attention. He was possessed by an insatiable desire of knowing every subject accessible to human inquiry, and he had a clearness of judgment and a rapidity of discrimination which enabled him to understand almost at a glance the leading features of any branch of learning towards which he directed his attention. Hence the extraordinarily wide range of topics discussed in M. Ampère's writings. Philology and history, politics and the fine arts, engage by turns his thoughts, and suggest to him some interesting and instructive work. The present *Mélanges d'Histoire Littéraire** comprise a number of lectures delivered on various points of literature, besides notices of eminent contemporaries with whom M. Ampère was on terms of intimate friendship. Thus, in the first volume, we have a long essay on chivalry, an article on Joinville, and one on the Roman de la Rose. In the second, we find a biography of M. Ballanche, a few pages dedicated to M. de Tocqueville, to Frédéric Ozanam, Adrien de Jussieu, &c. The *discours de réception* pronounced by M. Ampère at the Académie Française will no doubt be particularly noticed.

One of the most curious episodes in the modern history of France is the one connected with the election of Henry de Valois to the throne of Poland. The prince who was thus summoned to rule a barbarous people in a distant land had been destined by his ambitious mother to a variety of positions, and the most daring schemes had been marked out for him before he ascended the throne of France and became the victim of religious fanaticism. Catherine de' Medici thought successively of marrying him to Elizabeth of England, and to the unfortunate Mary Stuart. At one time it appeared probable that he would become Duke of Milan; at another, Philip II. of Spain offered him the command of the fleet then setting sail for Lepanto. Two years afterwards, Catherine proposed him to the Prince of Orange as chief of the League in the Netherlands. The Imperial purple was next thought of; and when all these plans had been frustrated, it became a matter of consideration whether Henry de Valois, who must necessarily be somebody, should not obtain a crown as Dey of Algiers, King of Cyprus, or ruler of Transylvania. The throne of the Jagellons chanced to be vacant at that time; he put in his claims as a candidate, and was elected. It is the history of his singular reign that the Marquis de Noailles has chosen for the subject of his new book†, and he has given us three thick octavo volumes, interestingly written, compiled from authentic documents, and illustrated by a beautiful map and a large collection of State papers, nearly all *inédits*. The conclusion of the author is unfavourable to Henry, and it could scarcely be otherwise. Freely elected by a free people, the last of the Valois came to Poland with the avowed intention of establishing despotism in his new dominions. The nation which had invited him to preside over its destinies had just proclaimed liberty of conscience as one of the fundamental principles of its Constitution. Henry's first care was to upset this measure. He wanted to make Catherine de' Medici's abominable system of policy the rule in Poland. Government by division; the spirit of rivalry always kept alive amongst the principal families; corruption as the means, and tyranny as the end—he understood nothing beyond this, and saw no security except in the Machiavelism which was the rule in Southern Europe during the latter half of the sixteenth century. His fate was well merited. His reign was short and inglorious, and Poland soon recovered itself under the administration of the Prince of Transylvania, Stephen Battori.

The fifth volume of M. Darest's history of France † comprises the reign of Louis XIII., and that of Louis XIV. to the conclusion of the peace of Ryswick. It does not call for any remark in this place beyond those we made when the work was first brought under our notice. The style is excellent, the author having preserved a happy medium between excessive brevity and prolixity; his estimate of *le grand monarque* shows that he is for liberty against despotism, and for religious toleration against bigotry and persecution. The chief fault we have to find with M. Darest is that he seldom quotes his authorities.

We have formerly said that the *Souvenirs de la Marquise de Créquy*‡ are a pasticcio composed by M. de Courchamp, and therefore entirely devoid of authenticity, although unquestionably amusing. The last instalment of the new edition, just published, gives us also the correspondence of the Marchioness with her friends and her family. This portion of the work is perfectly genuine, and it is followed by a considerable number of *pièces justificatives* which have their own importance besides that derived from the fact that they illustrate M. de Courchamp's romance. According to one of these documents we must resign to our Gallic neighbours the merit of having written the music to "God Save the Queen."

M. Paul de Saint-Victor seems to be of opinion that the common race of mortals is scarcely sufficient to fill worthily the columns of a *feuilleton*. We have been so pestered with notices of Madame

* *Mélanges d'Histoire Littéraire et de Littérature*. Par J. J. Ampère. Paris: Lévy.

† *Henri de Valois, ou la Pologne en 1572*. Par le Marquis de Noailles. Paris: Lévy.

‡ *Histoire de France, depuis les Origines jusqu'à nos Jours*. Par M. C. Darest. Vol. 5. Paris: Plon.

§ *Souvenirs de la Marquise de Créquy*. Vol. 5. Paris: Lévy.

Roland, Marie-Antoinette, M. Victor Cousin, and M. Edmond About that journalists must at least try to give proofs of originality; let us, it is suggested, strike out a new course, and see whether our *courtoisies* cannot wander beyond the fortifications of Paris, the Luxembourg question, and the financial difficulties of Signor Rattazzi. M. de Saint-Victor boldly scales Olympus; he writes *feuilletons* on the personages who had hitherto been considered as enthroned for ever in the pages of Dr. William Smith's Classical Dictionary. Venus, Diana, Ceres, and Proserpine are the themes of his song. Thus is explained, partly, the title *Hommes et Dieux* which appears on the title-page of his new octavo. The denizens of the Greek Pantheon appear first, and from the *du majores* we are led gradually to Dean Swift, taking on our way demigods like Nero and Marcus Aurelius, knights like Roland, and maniacs like Don Quixote. M. Paul de Saint-Victor's sketches are agreeably written, but that is all we can say for them. For a critical estimate of aesthetics amongst the ancients we turn to M. Houssaye's excellent biography of Apelles†, where the various problems connected with the history of Grecian art are carefully and exhaustively treated.

If we could open a gallery of gods on the fashionable principle of universal suffrage, one of the places in it would assuredly be given by common consent to Oberlin, the minister, civilizer, and benefactor of the Ban-de-la-Roche in Alsace. He ought, at any rate, to have his nook in the calendar of Positivism, where names much less worthy than his are arrayed in strange juxtaposition. M. Frédéric Bernard has in the meanwhile devoted a small volume † to the memory of that truly great man, and the collection of popular editions published by Messrs. Hachette does not boast of a work better deserving to be extensively circulated.

The season for travelling has just begun, reminding us that we should make our plans for the approaching summer, and lay in a stock of guide-books. Messrs. Hachette appear determined to satisfy in this respect every wish, we had almost said every whim, of the public. M. Adolphe Joanne's well-known manuals are most satisfactory; it is difficult to imagine any detail which they do not supply, any piece of information which they do not give. Some persons, however, prefer portability to minuteness; they want merely what is strictly necessary, and like to have it in the concisest possible form. For the use of such travellers we now find a series of miniature volumes, of *guides-diamant*, beautifully printed, with maps, engravings, tables, and useful information of every kind. The portions devoted to Italy and to France are at present before us, and they are very well executed.‡

Books of travels are plentiful, even setting aside the strictly practical treatises to which we have just referred. M. Oscar de Poli's *De Paris à Castelfidardo*|| is the journal of one of those chivalrous young men who under the guidance of General de Lamoricière endeavoured, some time ago, to defend the forlorn cause of the Papacy against Victor Emmanuel. The poetry which terminates the volume is extremely spirited, but it will fail, if we are not very much mistaken, to excite any sympathy for the ex-King of Naples.

Madame de Gasparin adds another chapter to her very prolix *impressions de voyage*, and places before us an animated picture of life at Constantinople. We have always the same exuberant imagination, the same odd mixture of the serious and the droll, with occasional attempts at jokes which are generally failures. Fancy a Christian Michelet, and you have Madame de Gasparin. Unquestionable power of writing is in her case allied to doubtful taste and want of sobriety.¶

The narrative of Messrs. Durand-Brager and De Champreux gives us views of the last Italian campaign diametrically opposed to those of M. Oscar de Poli. For them the cause of Garibaldi is that of justice and true freedom, and the unity of Italy under the sceptre of Victor Emmanuel is one of the greatest blessings that the nineteenth century can boast of.**

M. Edmond About's *L'Infâme* is a novel the title of which will no doubt frighten many readers. Nor can we say much by way of praising the leading characters introduced. But the hero, M. Gautripon, is described in so extraordinary a manner, his actions are so strangely made up of a mixture of heroism and want of principle, self-sacrifice and a total absence of self-respect, that the book is at any rate entertaining. M. Gautripon is *l'infâme*††; he passes in the eyes of the world as lost to all sense of honour, because, by a sort of mistaken generosity, he sacrifices his happiness and his reputation for a woman who is not worthy of him and for children who are not his own. M. About's stories are, we grant, full of rogues and rascals of both sexes; but it must at least be owned that he does not flatter them, and we think that no one can ever be otherwise than thoroughly disgusted with the *demi-monde* who judges it through the pages of the new

* *Hommes et Dieux, Études*. Par Paul de Saint-Victor. Paris: Lévy.

† *Histoire d'Apelles*. Par M. Henri Houssaye. Paris: Didier.

‡ *Vie d'Oberlin*. Par Frédéric Bernard. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

§ Collection des Guides-Diamant. 1. *L'Italie et la Sicile*. 2. *Paris*. London and Paris: L. Hachette & Co.

|| *De Paris à Castelfidardo*. Par Oscar de Poli. Paris: Lévy.

¶ *A Constantinople*. Par l'Auteur des "Horizons Prochains." Paris: Lévy.

** *Deux Mois de Campagne en Italie*. Par Durand-Brager et De Champreux. Paris: Dentu.

†† *L'Infâme*. Par Edmond About. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

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tale published by the author of *Les Mariages de Paris*. M. Arsène Houssaye's *Femmes du Diable*, although including such splendid sinners as Madlle. Guimard, Madlle. Prevost, and Madame Favart, will not bear comparison with the adventures of Madame Gautripon.

* *Les Femmes du Diable*. Par Arsène Houssaye. Paris: Lévy.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Conductor, Mr. W. G. Cusins. NEXT CONCERT, Monday, June 2. Symphonies, Jupiter (Mozart), No. 9 in F (Beethoven); Overtures (M.S.) Marmon (Sullivan); Oberon (Weber). Concerto, Pianoforte, Madame Godard (Benedict); Maulie Ubrich, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, and Signor Gardoni, 15s.—L. Cook, Addison, & Co., 63 New Bond Street.

WHIT MONDAY.—LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS, St. James's Hall. Director, Mr. John Boosey.—THE LAST CONCERT of the SEASON, Monday, June 10. Vocalists, Miss Louisa Pyne and Madame Sherrington, Madlle. Liebhart, Miss Edith Wynne, the Misses Wells, and Madame Sainton-Dolby; Mr. Cummings, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Winn, Mr. Chaplin Henry, and Mr. Weis. Violoncello, Signor Bottesini; Pianoforte, Madame Arabella Goddard. Conductors, Mr. Frank Mori and Mr. J. L. Hutton; Mr. Hall. Tickets, 1s.; admittance, 2s.; Balcony, 2s.; Tickets, 2s. and 1s.; to be had of Mr. Austin, 28 Piccadilly; Chappell, & Co., 56 New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., Cheapside; and Boosey & Co., 24 Holles Street.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, June 12.—Mr. KUHE will give his GRAND ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT, on Wednesday, June 12, at St. James's Hall. Programme, Third String Quartet and Intermission; Arcebbeli, and Madame Sainton-Dolby; Mr. Gardini, Tom Höhler, Reichert, and Madame Gianni Gobbi. Price, 1s. 6d. Hokitansky, Signor Pandolfini, and Mr. Santley. Violin, Herr Leopold Auer. Violoncello, Signor Platti. Harmonium, Herr L. Engel. Harp, Mr. Apommans. Pianoforte, Mr. Kuhe. Conductors, MM. Bevignani, W. Ganz, and Mr. Benedict. Stalls, Half a Guinea; Balcony, 5s.; Area, 3s.; Gallery, 2s.; to be had of all the principal Musicians and Libraries; Mr. Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall; and Mr. Kuhe, 15 Somerset Street, Portman Square, W.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The GRAND FESTIVAL BENEFIT CONCERT, in aid of the RESTORATION FUND, under the special Patronage of Her Majesty the Queen and His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, is appointed for Wednesday, June 13. Ticket holders will be privileged to attend this great Performance.—Ticket Offers opened Wednesday next, at Twelve o'clock, but applications for Guineas numbered Stalls, and for full Programme as soon as printed, may be at once registered at the Palace, and at Exeter Hall.

M. R. and Mrs. GERMAN REED, Mr. JOHN PARRY, and Miss SUSAN GALTTON, in their New Entertainment, "A DREAM IN VENICE," by T. W. Robertson; after which a New Domestic Scene, entitled "MERRY-MAKING," by Mr. John Parry. Every Evening (except Saturday) at Eight; Thursday and Saturday Morning at Three.—Admission, 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s.

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THE SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS. THE SIXTY-THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, 5 Pall Mall East. From Nine till Seven.—Admittance, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

WILLIAM CALLOW, Secretary.

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HER MAJESTY'S PICTURE.—THE MARRIAGE of H.R.H. the PRINCE of WALES.—The ORIGINAL PICTURE, representing this auspicious event, painted expressly for and by command of Her Majesty, by W. P. Frith, R.A., is, by special permission, NOW EXHIBITING at the Fine Art Gallery, 11 Haymarket, daily, from Nine till Six.—Admission, 1s.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, South Kensington, W.—THE GREAT FÊTE will be held on June 4, and the Flowers, &c., will remain in View until the 8th. Military Bands daily from Four. Admission for the Opening Day (by Tickets purchased prior to the 6th)—Fellow Friends, 3s. 6d.; Public, 2s.; or on the day, 7s. 6d.; or by Ticket, admitting from the 6th to 8th, Fellow Friends, 7s. 6d.; Public, 10s. 6d., which may be bought of all the principal Musicians at the West-end; and of Keith, at Cheapside; or of Marshall, 37 Westbourne Grove.

A GRAND FANCY BAZAAR, in aid of the Funds of the HOSPITAL for DISEASES of the THROAT, will be held at the Hanover Square Rooms on Friday and Saturday, June 7 and 8, under the Special Patronage of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales and the members of the Royal Family. By kind permission of Col. Cameron, the Band of the Coldstream Guards will entertain each day. Doors open on Friday at One, and Saturday at Noon. Admission, First Day, 2s. 6d.; Second Day, 1s.; Children under Twelve, Half-price.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON, 4 St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square. Tuesday, June 4, at Eight p.m. On PHYSIOLOGICAL ANTHROPOLOGY; its AIM and METHOD. By Dr. JAMES HUNT, F.S.A., Director.

VICTORIA INSTITUTE, 9 Conduit Street, W.—Ordinary Meeting, June 3, at Eight o'clock.—PAPER to be read by the Rev. Walter Mitchell, Vice-President, On the GENERAL ISOMORPHISM of all CRYSTALLINE BODIES and the RELATIONS of ALL FORMS of CRYSTALS to those of the CUBICAL SYSTEM.

* * * The last Ordinary Meeting of the Session will be held on Monday, June 17, when Prof. KING will read a PAPER, On the RELATIONS of METAPHYSICAL and PHYSICAL SCIENCE to the CHRISTIAN'S DOCTRINE of PRAYER.

TAUNTON COLLEGE SCHOOL (Founded by Bishop Fox 1822. Incorporated with a Proprietary School 1867).

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TWO SCHOLARSHIPS of the value of £50 a year, and tenable for Two Years, will be opened at Midsummer to two TIDEWATER SIDIATES of not more than Fifteen years old. The particulars of the Examination can be obtained by reference to the Head-Master. For Educational Prospects, Terms, and general information, apply to the Secretary, T. MAYLER, Esq., Mount Street, Taunton.

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